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NONVIOLENCE & AGGRESSION

Ronald Sampson on 'Gandhi's Truth'

Jack Leavitt on 'Men in Groups'

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LETTERS

today's cop

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Network TV coverage of the clash between Pittsburgh police and Negro anti-discrimination pickets on Aug. 26 must have convinced viewers that today's cop is no longer the friendly humanitarian on the street corner who provides lollipops for lost children.

I was shocked to see three heavy-set officers subdue an unarmed black woman and hold her on the ground while a fourth struck her repeatedly with a large night stick. These weren't gentle taps but bone-shattering blows which left the defenseless woman screaming helplessly.

It is unfair to generalize because many police officers are mature, dedicated public servants. However, it is the savage bestiality of most metropolitan police that is exacerbating the problem of street violence and provoking the lawlessness of otherwise placid demonstrators.

Steven M. Cooper

employment opportunity

Peekskill, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Others may be puzzled, as I am, by the stories by Anatoly Kuznetsov that have appeared in *The New York Times* and *Time*. It would seem that he prefers the free world to the Soviet Union.

He has confessed to so many lies, how can we be sure he is now telling the truth? If Mr. Kuznetsov wants really to convince us that his heart and tongue are in the right place now, wouldn't it be appropriate for him to go to Vietnam and fight for the free world in the ranks of the Green Berets?

He might not survive the war but he would go down as a person who puts truth above everything, including whatever dollars he is being paid for his confessions.

Walter Lowenfels

name calling

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The article "Architecture in Mexico" by Nathan Silver [*The Nation*, Aug. 11] is an insult to your readers and to the people of Mexico. It is not only superficial and arrogant but it reveals a lack of understanding and perception, which a man with Mr. Silver's supposed background should possess. . . .

As a personal friend of Ricardo Legorreta, an acquaintance of Luis Barragán and a long-time student of the archaeology and anthropology of Mexico, I can assure you that you have done your readers a great disservice by publishing such a grossly misleading article.

I visited Legorreta several times during the design of Camino Real Hotel and can assure your readers that the design is pure Legorreta. If Mr. Silver would have taken the trouble to see recent examples of Legorreta's work (one of which, "Automex," was widely publicized in American architectural journals) he would have been aware of the Legorreta touch. The Alameda Hotel was done years ago in association with another architect and does not represent Legorreta's presently developed style. Mr. Silver's implication in the statement, "The hotel's architect of record is Ricardo Legorreta" is an insult to one of Mexico's most creative young architects.

As for Mr. Silver's obvious ignorance of Mexico's archaeological and anthropological experience, his offhand dismissal of Palenque as a sightseeing object for "grand tourism" is enough proof of this. . . . He not only is insensitive but he can't even read. He certainly did not find any of

(Continued on page 294)

EDITORIALS

The Lull

Undeniably there is a lull in the national tumult. Delegates to the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice were told that laymen are losing their enthusiasm for the cause; lay involvement has declined from a peak in 1968. That strange conglomerate known as "the peace movement" is politically quiescent. Interviewed in Amsterdam, a group of young Americans on vacation told a *New York Times* reporter that enthusiasm for political activism had abated. "Most of the people I know," one of them said, "who were political are now apolitical. You take that one year, Bobby Kennedy's death, then the Chicago debacle. . . . After Nixon's election people say, 'Ah, hell!'" Another said: "I've been marching in peace parades since 1964. What did it accomplish?" A Congressman, returning to Washington from the summer recess, told Ted Lewis of the New York *Daily News*: "Nobody seems to give a damn. It's as if they had lived with the big problems troubling the nation so long that they wanted to escape thinking about them any more."

Nixon, of course, has been the beneficiary of the lull which he encourages by having "official" spokesmen issue pleasant and reassuring statements from time to time. In the meantime, nothing much happens and the country drifts along. "Is the country just dozing?" asks columnist Joseph Kraft, "or has the Nixon Administration really and truly put the giant to sleep?" The tide of protest that began with the Kennedy administration in 1960 seems to have gone slack.

But popular moods, whether of calmness or outrage, sooner or later give way to their opposites. There are in fact signs of trouble ahead. At a recent conference of concerned lawyers, Arthur Kinoy cited the denial of a postponement in the Chicago "Conspiracy Eight" trial, the indictment of Bobby Seale, which has the unmistakable odor of frame-up, the refusal to cut bail in the Black Panther cases, the backing away from desegregation guidelines in Mississippi, and others. In Berkeley a full-fledged battle plan was discovered in the police department—part of a nation-wide crackdown on the Panthers. All of this spells trouble, and the more so precisely because of the lull. For that matter, Hartford, Conn., Camden, N. J., and Fort Lauderdale, Fla., have experienced disturbances which, though lacking the carnage of Watts, Detroit, Newark, Washington, and other big city actions, were exceptions to the tranquillity in the civil rights field, which some federal officials heralded a bit prematurely.

Against this background, Senator Eastland has introduced S.12, a dolled-up version of similar legislation introduced last term. The bill has been approved by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, so it is not a mere Eastland trial balloon. As bait for Senate support, the bill purports to repeal the concentration camp provision of the McCarran Act, but actually it lays the foun-

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dation for such a development. It would amend the Smith Act to create a new crime of peacetime treason. It would set up a sweeping loyalty program for employees of "defense facilities." It would get around the *Yates* decision of 1967, to the effect that advocacy of overthrow of the government had to include advocacy of action, not merely of ideas. Eastland would now make it a crime to advocate overthrow "without regard to the immediate provable effect of such action." Another provision would make it a crime punishable by a $10,000 fine or ten years' imprisonment, or both, to "knowingly and willfully" give "aid and comfort to an adversary of the United States by an overt act, other than the mere expression of a personal opinion." An "adversary" is defined as "any foreign nation or armed group which is engaged in open hostilities against the United States or with . . . the Armed Forces of the United States."

Unconstitutional? Probably, but one cannot be certain. It is no longer the Warren Court that stands guard against such inroads, but the Burger Court, whose future course is unknown.

Clearly, in the face of such developments, the lull will soon be a thing of the past, and the conflicts which will succeed it may be more bitter, and more dangerous to American freedom, than anything in the recent past.

NATO's Missing Link

As W.G. Forrest emphasizes in his article on Greece (page 279 of this issue), the reason for Washington's grudging support of the ruling colonels is its belief that the Greek army is an essential link in NATO encirclement of communism. But if Saville R. Davis, staff correspondent in Athens for *The Christian Science Monitor*, is right, it has become a nonexistent link. In a dispatch earlier this month, Mr. Davis says flatly: "The Greek Army no longer exists as a stable, organized force-in-being."

The reason he gives, citing the most circumstantial evidence in support, is that the colonels, in a series of purges, have removed from the army—and the navy and air force—the officers who gave these forces their reality as fighting units. Ironically, in the light of U.S. gifts—issued with requests for just a touch more democracy, please—a good number of the officers banished or jailed had received much of their military training in the States. And almost without exception, the men stripped of their authority and their personal freedom have pristine records as anti-Communist fighters. According to one of them, quoted by Davis, "Their offense against the present government was that they were broadly nonpolitical, but pledged to the Western institutions of freedom that were born in their land, and they detest the enslavement of a free and proud people by the present rule of dictatorship and martial law."

The number of officers thus removed is in the hundreds, and those who still hold their jobs know that they are watched by spies placed in the lower ranks by the colonels. Under such conditions, officer morale is nonexistent; these men are, and know themselves to be, hirelings of tyrants. Officers in such a fix, deprived for

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the most part of their more experienced seniors, and more afraid of their political bosses than of any outside threat, cannot and will not maintain the minimum necessary *esprit* of the rank and file. (Again according to Davis, the navy is now strictly rationed as to fuel, lest it steam out of the Aegean for ports unknown.) Anyone who calls that a link has never closely examined a pitfall.

So the United States, which has once more put interest before principle, once more discovers that its interest is a mirage, that it is acting by automatic response to knee-jerk stimuli and ignoring the evidence of its counselors (surely American intelligence in Athens knows what a newspaper man can discover). As we find ourselves saying much too often, such behavior is worse than wrong; it is stupid.

Their Excellencies

Time was when a U.S. Ambassador, particularly to a Latin American country, enjoyed a sinecure second to none in government service. He had nothing much to do, his prestige was enormous, he inhabited a palatial embassy with his retinue, and received no end of perquisites. Since he was usually wealthy to begin with, he could be numbered, in a material sense, among the happiest of men.

But no more. One U.S. Ambassador has been killed (in Guatemala) and our man in Brazil, C. Burke Elbrick, was kidnapped and released only when the Brazilian junta agreed to broadcast a rebel manifesto and exchange Mr. Elbrick for fifteen political prisoners, who were flown to Mexico in a Brazilian Air Force plane.

As kidnappings go, this was quite a civilized operation, with both the kidnappers and their victim acquitting themselves well. After rapping the Ambassador on the head with a revolver butt, the kidnappers allowed him to write notes to his wife, and engaged in political discussion with him. At a press conference on his release, the Ambassador, a career diplomat, spoke calmly and without rancor. He described his captors as "intelligent fanatics who blame the U.S. for most of Brazil's problems." The released prisoners, for their part, charged that the Brazilian military held power in "a climate of tension and anxiety, insecurity and violence, extending to all levels of society."

Indignation at the manhandling of an American diplomat is of course perfectly justified, although not altogether accurately expressed in the New York *Daily News* editorial describing the kidnappers as "a mob of Fidel Castro-inspired terrorists—Castro being the bearded Red rat who has tyrannized over Cuba for ten years." What is not stressed, and not understood even by some level-headed commentators, is that anti-American feeling in Latin America exists largely because the regimes in these countries, many of which we have installed or helped to install, are unpopular, do not have strong backing except in the military forces, and are prone to deflect expressions of popular unrest toward the United States as a kind of safety-valve operation. But we have only ourselves to blame for the success of this stratagem, since it is based on our ill-advised policy of supporting military juntas and reactionary regimes and arming them against restive students and other opponents.

To make matters worse, the regimes tend to be stupid as well as repressive. After Mr. Elbrick's release, the junta declared that a state or "revolutionary or subversive war" exists, and decreed the death penalty for acts of subversion or terrorism. It is time to get tough, one general said—as though the government had not been tough right along. The underground groups can get tougher too.

Against this background, the cat-and-mouse game that Mr. Nixon is playing with the Rockefeller report would be humorous if the situation were not so serious. Why can't this document be made public? One would think that right now is a most appropriate time to release it. Obviously what Mr. Nixon is afraid of is that he will not be able to implement the recommendations contained in the report, for the usual reason: no money that has not already been pre-empted—largely by the U.S. military, who have such close, friendly and expensive relations with their Latin American counterparts.

Public Interest Reconsidered

The sanitary aspects of waste disposal are referred to in the Old Testament, and waste disposal generally has been a problem in communal life from the beginning. But in the early days populations were small, the earth seemed infinite, and there were no beer cans, no-deposit bottles, or discarded washing machines. Even up to a few years ago, waste disposal could be regarded as important, certainly, but peripheral, deferrable and far from urgent. This complacency is disappearing as environmental problems assume major importance and are seen to be central rather than peripheral.

All of the easy outs have been tried and a solution is still nowhere to be found. Waste disposal troubles are continent-wide. San Francisco's Brisbane dump will be filled by 1971 and none of the substitute methods of disposal seem practical; some are regarded as too costly, some entail pollution of air or water, some, like pressing waste into building blocks, are untried on any considerable scale. The situation is just as bad in New York, where New York City alone generates 7 million tons of refuse a year and the place where most of it has been dumped, a land-fill operation on Staten Island, has little room left. North of the city, Westchester County's Croton-on-Hudson dump has its 80 acres filled to a depth of 40 feet, and the end is near.

In many situations technological ingenuity finds a way out, but waste has so far baffled the engineering profession, although some desperate remedies have been suggested. The special case of industrial waste has led to the drilling of a well more than half a mile deep at the Hooker Chemical plant in Niagara Falls, which every minute produces 250 gallons of unwanted liquid waste, including hydrochloric acid. Though this facility is not yet in use, New York State has permitted the well to be drilled and it is expected to be in operation next year. Some 150 deep wells are receiving industrial waste, but in some cases there appears to be danger of polluting water sup-

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plies. In one instance—the Army's 12,000-foot-deep well at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver—there have been indications that earthquakes may be triggered by the injection of large amounts of liquid which, acting as a lubricant, might unstabilize the underlying rock. This expensive installation is no longer in use.

The broad question is why the problem of waste disposal was allowed to grow to its present proportions. It is a case of each company, industry, municipality, etc., acting in its own short-term interest and the devil take the hindmost. But with growing population, growing industrialization, growing affluence, the devil takes us all. In the waste disposal field (see article page 282), as in many other areas (see article page 274), it has become clear that the public interest can no longer be regarded, if it ever could, as merely the sum of private deals. Environmental problems—problems affecting in equal measure the entire population—have acquired an immediate urgency which requires a new conception of the public interest.

Lindsay and the Future

Qualification of the new Independent Party, which has designated Mayor John Lindsay as its candidate, for a second line on the ballot, should prove to be a useful device for marshaling independent and Democratic votes for his re-election. But it could have a larger significance. If the Mayor is re-elected (he deserves to win and we hope he does), then the coalition of forces supporting him, including those who will vote for him on the Independent Party line, might play a key role in efforts to form a new national coalition.

The New York campaign is indeed a strange one. The Mayor seeks re-election without the nomination of a major party, with the backing of only one of five Republican borough organizations, without a city-wide political organization of any kind, and with nothing more than a loose coalition of forces, including volunteers, party defectors, issue-oriented groups, young voters and independents. But the coalition supporting him could well foreshadow the emergence of a new national coalition, with a strong base in the major urban communities. It includes: Negroes, Puerto Ricans, the younger Jewish voters, liberal and reform Democrats (Rep. Shirley Chisholm, at present National Democratic Committeewoman; Paul O'Dwyer; Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo; Howard Samuels, former Under Secretary of Commerce and a likely candidate for governor next year; Percy Sutton, Manhattan Borough President; City Councilman J. Raymond Jones, the Harlem Democratic leader; Arthur J. Katzman, Democratic Councilman from Queens, and a number of Democratic assemblymen), an important section of labor's rank and file (principally the municipal unions), and liberal-moderate Republicans (the Mayor after all did receive 49 per cent of the Republican vote in the primary).

The fact that these elements can unite in support of Mayor Lindsay is a measure of his appeal as a "new coalition" candidate. He could play the same role nationally. In the past the Mayor has been handicapped not merely by the fact that he is a Republican but by Governor Rockefeller's unfortunate tendency to regard him as a rival. Now, by nominating John Marchi, a leader of the Conservative Party, the Republican Party has given Lindsay a new freedom of action, and Governor Rockefeller, who was trapped into endorsing Marchi (an action that he and the Republican Party will regret), has relieved the Mayor of any personal obligations. Lindsay is now free to seek state office at a later date—or in 1970, in the event that he should be defeated—as an independent fusion candidate or as a Republican with coalition backing. Should the war drag on in Vietnam, an independent candidacy by Lindsay in 1972, in selected Presidential primaries, might be an effective means of challenging President Nixon and his policies, just as Senator McCarthy's candidacy tapped the opposition within the Democratic Party to President Johnson and much the same policies in 1968. Against this background, a vote for Lindsay has a dimension of national significance.

Ulster's 'Spoils System'

The Rev. Ian Paisley, spokesman for the Orange Order, is now in this country to answer charges made by Bernadette Devlin of discrimination against Catholics in Northern Ireland. If there is job discrimination against Catholics it is, he assures us, solely because of the spoils system. "If there is one political party in power and you don't work for it," he tells us, "you don't get the spoils of office." Simple. But suppose a faction (the Orange Order) controls one party (the Unionist Party) and through skillful gerrymandering is able to minimize the vote of the entire opposition, to the extent that it cannot win even in those areas where it constitutes a majority?

Consider, for example, the situation in Tyrone County, where in 1961 (when the census last tabulated denominational figures) Catholics totaled 73,395, Protestants and "all others" 60,521. In this county, therefore, Catholics outnumbered all other groups by 12,874 and since 1961 the margin has increased. Yet a recent study by one of the civil rights organizations indicates that of twenty-two clerical employees in the County Surveyor's office not one is a Catholic; of nine surveyors, only one is Catholic; Catholics are absent from the County Rate Collector's office (nine employees) as well as the County Secretary's office (thirty-six employees); there is only one Catholic on the County Library staff of twenty-three; only two Catholics in the County Engineer's office of fifteen employees; of forty-two top-salaried posts in the Health and Welfare Department only five are Catholics, while all thirty-one of the clerical employees of this department are Protestants; in the Education Department, of seventy-seven salaried employees only one is a Catholic.

In brief, Tyrone County is very much like a Deep South county in which Negroes constitute a majority but are denied all but a few crumbs as "spoils." In a sense the trouble in Northern Ireland is that it does not have a spoils system; if it did there would be less discrimination.

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La Guerre Est Finie

More than thirty years ago, some 7,000 young Americans went to Spain to fight Franco. When they came home—the half of them who survived—these men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade formed a veterans organization. Since 1947 it has been on the Attorney General's list of subversive and Communist organizations.

Some of the volunteers in the Brigade were certainly Communists; some may still be, though many say they broke with the party years ago. In any case, there is no evidence that their veterans organization has engaged in subversive activity of any sort and even the Justice Department no longer requires that it register with the Subversive Activities Control Board. The Brigade has been suing since 1953 to be removed from the Attorney General's list, and is now before the Supreme Court, alleging that the compilation of such a list violates the First, Fifth and Tenth Amendments, and citing damages suffered by the group and its members because of the designation.

The Spanish Civil War was one of the darkest tragedies of this century and the part played in it by the United States (as by England, France and the other Western democracies) was not pretty. The men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade fought, quite literally, as the conscience of their country and when they returned they were greeted as heroes by countrymen whose consciences were ill at ease. For more than twenty years now they have been stamped subversive, suffering the handicaps in employment and other associations that such labeling confers. Guernica is a world away; what these men thought and said in those days is no longer relevant. What is relevant is that they fought on the right side of a terrible war—and have been paying for it ever since. The Supreme Court should give them the relief they seek.

The Cracks Are Showing

The Nixon Administration, like the Johnson administration before it, is fumbling the ball in Vietnam. Nixon, like Johnson, is having a difficult time trying to make it appear that "the two Presidents"—the one in Washington and the one in Saigon—see eye to eye on the strategy and tactics of the war and efforts being made to end it. While the American forces reduced their offensive operations sharply during the recent cease-fire—if it can be called that—the South Vietnamese increased theirs. For a twenty-four hour period the differences were out in the open, for all to see, despite manful efforts in Washington to make it appear that none existed. But these efforts, instead of allaying doubts, only increased them. Much the same effect is produced when Washington prods Thieu to broaden the base of his regime and he proceeds to call in more generals. Such actions are evidence of Thieu's confidence in his ability to counter any Washington peace initiative of which he does not approve. And the Administration seems to be having as much trouble with the Pentagon as with the Saigon regime. The President keeps stressing his determination to withdraw troops but the Pentagon insists that there is a point beyond which any withdrawals would endanger the stability, such as it is, of the South Vietnamese regime. No doubt the American command would go along with plans to remove 25,000 or 30,000 troops; but beyond some such figure they will be as difficult to "persuade" as their allies in Saigon. It is obvious that none of the regimes we have backed in South Vietnam have wanted peace except on their terms, which imply a permanent division of Vietnam, guarantees of the continued existence of the South Vietnamese regime and heavy long-term commitments of American aid. But the time for such posturing is over. With the formation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam on June 8, the North Vietnamese made it clear that they were no longer prepared to negotiate on the basis of the integration of the NLF into the structure of the Saigon government.

What they are apparently willing to negotiate is the setting up of a new representative regime in the South and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. The President must now accept the fact that the Saigon regime will not long survive the withdrawal of U.S. troops, even with our backing. To force Thieu to negotiate realistically, Mr. Nixon should announce a schedule for the withdrawal of a significant number of troops by the end of the year, and then adhere to it. But, as Senator Javits said, "There is renewed danger that the United States Vietnam policy will again fall captive to the false optimism and lack of realism which continue to pervade the thinking of some top U.S. officials in Vietnam, both civilian and military." By and large they are the same advisers who misled the Johnson administration. The fact is that their point of view is much closer to that of the Saigon government than that of the government they serve. The cease-fire hiatus has already joined the long list of opportunities, not so much missed by Washington as sabotaged in Saigon.

The Theory Topples

Words, phrases and slogans have a coercive effect on public opinion and on decision makers and policy planners. "Appeasement," "Munich," "isolationism" are cases in point. But even more troublesome is the false "model" of a situation which is built up over a period of years and comes to be regarded as reality itself. Communications experts tell us that once a model of this sort has been thoroughly inculcated, people will readily accept information that confirms or is consistent with the model but will reject anything that is at variance with it.

One of those phony models which has had a disastrous effect on American foreign policy in the Pacific is the "domino theory," first propounded by, or in the name of, President Eisenhower. Discussing Southeast Asia, Mr. Eisenhower had recourse to an analogy which would be understood at all age levels: If one regime in the area succumbed, the rest would tumble over like so many dominoes. Widespread and monotonous reiteration of the theory had the effect of winning nearly universal acceptance of it as a "model" of reality in Southeast Asia.

Now, however, it is not the dominoes that are toppling but the theory. Quite suddenly commentators are deriding it, Senators reject it, and recent statements by

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President Nixon and Secretary of State Rogers strongly imply that the domino model is being shelved at the highest levels of policy planning and decision making. C. P. FitzGerald, our Southeast Asia correspondent, tagged the domino theory as a fallacy some years back ("Fallacy of the Dominoes," *The Nation*, January 28, 1965). Even earlier, another contributor and editorial consultant on Southeast Asian matters, W. Macmahon Ball, had pointed out in a book which the State Department might have studied to good effect (*Nationalism and Communism in East Asia*, 1953), that nationalism was the best counter to communism in the region.

If the views of these two men, who knew the differences between dominoes and nations, had found wider currency and acceptance, it is altogether likely that the hypnotic spell cast by the "dominoes" model might have been dissipated long since, at a considerable saving in American lives and treasure.

NIXON'S DRUG BILL

GEOFFREY C. STOKES

Mr. Stokes is Director of Program Development for the Addiction Services Agency, City of New York, and has recently served as consultant on drug abuse to the government of Puerto Rico.

This is, apparently, the year for drugs. Television relentlessly offers addicts, ex-addicts, kids who smoke pot, and parents who worry about it. Congress already has before it a number of thoughtful bills, including that of Rep. Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.) suggesting creation of a Presidential commission on marijuana, and Rep. Lloyd Meeds's (D., Wash.) proposal to assist local educational units in developing curricula on drug abuse. Action on these, and on other worth-while bills, has been held back for some months while Congress awaited the Administration's bill; it is finally out, and it is deeply dishonest, because it does not deal adequately with either the criminal or the social aspects of drug abuse.

For several months prior to its release, word on the proposed legislation (S.2367) had been selectively leaked at various international conferences on drug abuse. It was supposed to be a "rationalized and liberalized" overview of the drug situation. Penalties for marijuana possession (which now carries a minimum two-year jail term) were to be sharply cut back, and a great deal of emphasis was to be placed on research, treatment and prevention.

Despite favorable reaction from the professional community, comments from Congressmen who had been briefed on the new bill were almost uniformly negative. College drug use had been widely publicized, and hometown reaction against student demonstrations was so strong that a hawkish bill was called for. The Administration responded, and early in June, at just about the time when the bill was supposed to have been sent to Congress, a new and ominous set of rumors replaced the earlier reports: the Attorney General's office had taken over drafting the bill; National Institute of Mental Health scientists were no longer requested to give advice; the bill was to focus on law and order; there would be no permissive attitudes toward crime from the Nixon Administration. All the latter rumors have proved correct. The President's message, as it was released on July 14, is a throwback to the era of Harry Anslinger; the bill which was sent to Congress one day later is, if anything, even worse. The message at least paid lip service to education, research and rehabilitation; the legislation embraces only increasing police activities as a way of controlling drug traffic. When reporters challenged Deputy Atty. Gen. John Dean about the bill's silence on education and treatment, he argued that adequate legislation was now on the books for those purposes. He stated further, "All we need to add to what is there is men and money." He did not specify the amount of either commodity which the Administration might deploy in the battle.

With this background, it would be all too easy to dismiss the Nixon bill as simply law and order propaganda, of a kind which reveals a limited understanding of the causes of drug abuse. That would be a mistake, as the peculiar viciousness of the bill lies in its actual targets. In the words of one government mental health professional: "This is not an anti-drug bill. It is an anti-student bill," for its provisions are aimed at the occasional drug user, rather than at the system which supplies him.

The truth of that judgment is borne out by the changes in present legislation which the bill makes, and those which it doesn't make. The penalties for simple possession of marijuana, despite the growing body of information indicating its relative harmlessness, remain unchanged; those for sale are raised. The penalties for possession or sale of LSD are raised even more sharply. In addition, the bill provides "no-knock" license for police officers. Under this provision, police who have a search warrant in a narcotics case can break into the home of any suspect without knocking or otherwise identifying themselves. The rationale behind giving this power, according to Justice Department officials, is that its use could prevent suspects from destroying illicit drugs before the police were able to seize them. (The same official rather breezily announced that anyone who shot a police officer who broke in unannounced would be tried for murder.)

With respect to the justification advanced by the Justice Department, it is necessary only to point out that the logistic difficulties attendant to flushing a kilo of marijuana down the toilet, or of burning a similar amount of heroin, are such that the no-knock provision is simply not needed to reach the dealer, who would be likely to have substantial amounts of any illegal substance. Its inapplicability has long been recognized in New York State, which has had a no-knock provision for five years. Manhattan Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan's office reports seek-

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ing no-knock authority in only three out of 903 narcotics cases last year. In Queens County, where the District Attorney's office also has a reputation for toughness, a no-knock warrant has never been used. In fact, the no-knock provision is of use only against persons who are likely to possess a relatively small and easily disposable amount of a drug: that is to say, against typical younger activists like (and here the examples of police use of a drug charge in a political context are factual) Mark Rudd, Abbie Hoffman and Huey Newton. In short, the bill attempts to legitimize "Stony Brooks," the kind of promiscuous midnight raid on a college dormitory which yields large headlines, but no progress against the forces which control illicit drug traffic in America.

Despite the brave rhetorical flourishes which accompanied it, Mr. Nixon's bill is timid. It treats drug abuse as a criminal problem, but provides no real weapons against organized crime. Neither does it provide for research, treatment or education. It does contain, in its penalties against marijuana and LSD and the no-knock provision, a major weapon against America's student activists. With Attorney General Mitchell in his ascendancy, we can be sure that this function of the bill will be fully utilized.

LABOR AND RACE

CONFRONTATION IN PITTSBURGH

CHARLES C. ROBB
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Pittsburgh

The growing drive by blacks to crack the building trades unions has reached a head in Pittsburgh. The week before Labor Day saw the city convulsed by five successive days of demonstrations by blacks and counter demonstrations by white construction workers. The issue was sharply—and at times violently—drawn.

The week's confrontations began on Monday, August 25, when about 1,000 blacks, and white supporters, answered the call of the recently formed "Black Construction Coalition" for a mass demonstration at the new stadium under construction on Pittsburgh's Northside. From there the protesters marched across the Allegheny River to the "Golden Triangle" where they massed on Grant Street—one of the city's busiest—beneath the towering steelwork of the new 64-story U.S. Steel Building. The objective was to shut down construction at the stadium, the U.S. Steel Building, and every other major job in the city until contractors and trade unions agreed to a program for putting more blacks on the jobs.

City authorities, forewarned of the demonstration, avoided trouble that first day by requesting contractors to shut down their jobs in advance. The Black Coalition did not appreciate the gesture and called its forces back the next day. When the demonstrators assembled at the stadium on Tuesday, the police were there in force to see that both construction and traffic stayed open. Before the morning was out, there had been clashes between demonstrators and helmeted officers of the police "tactical" unit, who on many occasions rushed into crowds with riot sticks flailing. Nearly 200 demonstrators had been arrested on charges ranging from disorderly conduct to conspiracy and inciting to riot.

The show of police force served only to strengthen the Black Coalition, and a still larger and angrier crowd turned out on Wednesday for another march from the stadium to the U.S. Steel Building. This one culminated in a sit-in on Grant Street which totally tied up traffic until the police, having arrested more demonstrators, cleared the streets. That was enough for City Hall, and in the afternoon Mayor Joseph M. Barr ordered all city construction sites closed down until after Labor Day, to permit a "cooling off" period and negotiations.

On the next two days the white construction workers became the demonstrators, protesting the suspension of their jobs. On Thursday several hundred assembled; on Friday there were several thousand. They marched around and around City Hall, often cheered by bystanders and saluted by police officers. They left with the assurance of Police Supt. James Slusser that their jobs would not be shut down again.

The week after Labor Day the city waited anxiously while Black Coalition leaders met with white union and contractor representatives, a three-man panel set up by the Mayor serving as "moderator." The parties sat dutifully each day, all afternoon and into the early evening, but at the end of the fourth day the blacks stormed out of the meeting room. "There has been absolutely no progress," said the Rev. James J. Robinson, of the Black Coalition. Robinson added that the blacks would return to the negotiations after the weekend, but that in the meantime "we're going to mobilize ourselves."

By the time the negotiations began again, the Coalition had announced plans for "Black Monday" on September 15. It was to be a day of street demonstrations, walkouts by blacks and their white supporters from jobs and schools, and other activities. It was hoped that contingents of demonstrators would come from other cities.

Meanwhile, plans were being made for legal action to stop construction on public projects like the stadium. Byrd R. Brown, an attorney and chairman of the Pittsburgh NAACP, said that he was preparing the necessary papers for an injunction suit similar to those filed recently by the NAACP in Buffalo and Chicago.

Because of their recent experience, the Black Coalition leaders assume that "Black Monday," if it happens, will be accompanied by police retaliation, vio-

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lence and many arrests. This prospect seems only to have reinforced their determination to carry through at whatever risk. Pittsburgh's black community is unified today as it has never been before (which is not to say the unity is total). Even moderate black leaders have decided that now is the time to stand and fight.

They have good reason to fight. In no city is there a more clear-cut case of discrimination by the building trades unions. There are twenty-six such unions in the Pittsburgh area, with a total membership of about 32,000. About 2,200 of these are black, or just under 7 per cent. However, the totals include the Teamsters, which boasts a 24 per cent black membership this year, and the Construction General Laborers Union with a 49 per cent black membership. When these two noncraft unions are excluded, the percentage of black journeymen in the building trades unions drops to about 1.5 per cent.

In four unions there are no black journeymen at all—the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, which has maintained its white membership rolls at 1,000 for the past twenty-five years; the Asbestos Workers, with 217 members; the Bridge and Iron Workers, with an estimated 2,000 members; and the Elevator Constructors, with 225 members.

Because of the self-governing nature of building trades unions, this discriminatory pattern has been unaffected by the welter of employment and job training programs put forth by the anti-poverty program, the Urban League, the state employment service and other agencies. The first invasion of the union privacy was made by Nate Smith, a black former prize fighter (his ring nickname was "Available"), who is a member of Operating Engineers Local 66, the union of heavy construction equipment operators. Nate Smith was one of about 125 black men in a union of 7,000 members, and he didn't like it. So he came up with the idea for a program which would give black men training on heavy construction equipment. It would be significantly different from other training programs in that the men would be guaranteed union books at the conclusion of a one-year period of instruction.

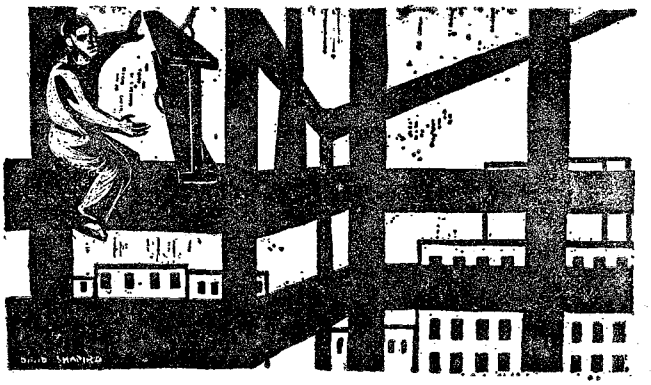
Smith took his idea to the director of Pittsburgh's anti-poverty program in the early spring of 1968. A few weeks later the idea received the boost it needed: a group of militant blacks in the city's Northside ghetto let it be known that they would not tolerate the absence of black operators on heavy construction equipment then (and still) engaged in building a superhighway through the ghetto. The threat was plain—either black men work those machines, or the machines will be destroyed.

The Northside is a racial tinderbox, and the city administration was not disposed to quibble. Nate Smith's idea was handy, and City Hall grabbed it. Smith himself went over to cool the Northside, and recruited many of the men there into what became known as Operation Dig. Four months later, Mayor Barr officiated at the signing of a contract between the U.S. Department of Labor and the Pittsburgh Constructors Association for a fifty-two week program to train heavy equipment operators, carpenters, pile drivers and teamsters.

A year later Operation Dig was a success. It had cost a lot of money—$485,000 in Labor Department funds—but it had gained journeyman union books for sixty-seven men. It was praised as one of the best programs of its kind—if not the only one of its kind—in the nation, and Nate Smith figured that a good program deserved to be repeated. So he came up with a proposal for Operation Dig II, which would have trained 110 men to become heavy equipment operators, carpenters, cement masons and bricklayers. The proposal was approved by the U.S. Labor Department, but it was rejected by the Pittsburgh Master Builders Association, comprising fifty-five general contractors, and the Pittsburgh Building Trades Council, representing the unions.

Smith refused to take the rebuff lying down. He went to the Pittsburgh Human Relations Commission, which held a public hearing and listened to the usual arguments from both contractors and unions: a one-year training program could not produce qualified journeymen; it was not an acceptable alternative to the time-honored apprenticeship programs of three to five years. The commission made some halting attempts to get at the reality of the apprenticeship system—is it really necessary and is it really followed as scrupulously as the unions say it is?—but in the end the hearings produced no more than a plea for the parties to get together and negotiate.

Some of the blacks had plans for more direct action. Several weeks later a group of Operation Dig men appeared at the stadium and attempted unsuccessfully to block access to the construction site. It was the first skirmish of a swiftly escalating war. Two weeks later, in early



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August, a larger group turned up at the stadium and succeeded in blocking trucks. Police arrested twenty-six, including eight women, on the charge of loitering. Most of those arrested were employees of the Bidwell Cultural and Training Center, another black organization in the Northside ghetto. The Bidwell Center, started after Pittsburgh's 1968 riots (touched off by the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King), has had some success in training outside the building trades. But its experience with the building contractors and unions made it an ally of Nate Smith and Operation Dig.

Among those arrested was the Rev. James J. Robinson, then president of the Bidwell Center. At the hearing in police court, Robinson explained why the stadium was the target: "The stadium is the real shining example of bigotry and everything that the labor unions stand for." The police magistrate dismissed the charges, and counseled moderation, but the blacks were beyond moderation. "We're going on the jobs and stop them," declared Nate Smith. "Now it's time for war."

At that point the Black Construction Coalition was announced. It was to be composed of Operation Dig, the Bidwell Center, and almost every other black organization in the city.

A week later the Black Coalition staged its first action, again against the stadium. More than 100 demonstrators appeared, blocked trucks, and became involved in several confrontations with construction workers and police. Eight were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

The contractors' response was to obtain a court injunction limiting picketing at the gates to the stadium. The Black Coalition's counter response was to call for the mass demonstration at the stadium the Monday before Labor Day. The war had been declared.

As in all wars, once the combat begins, the price of peace goes up. When negotiations began after the Labor Day truce, it was apparent that the Black Coalition, having tested its strength in the streets, was not going to weaken at the bargaining table.

Two months ago the contractors and unions could have satisfied the blacks by accepting Nate Smith's Operation Dig II for 110 jobs. Several weeks ago, the contractors, in an apparent effort to deflate the black protest, put forth their own proposal to provide apprentice training for ninety to a hundred men. The blacks rejected it then because they had not been involved in developing it. When the same program was put forth a second time at the post-truce negotiating session, Nate Smith tore it up and threw it in the face of the builders' representative.

The Black Coalition then put forth its demands: a minimum of 1,130 jobs, excluding laborers, in one year; within two years, a minimum of 40 per cent black membership in each of the craft unions. The Coalition specified that 20 per cent of the trainees be recruited from "detention facilities" in western Pennsylvania. The Coalition also demanded that no training program take more than eight months; that qualifications for journeyman status be determined by a committee including representatives of the Black Coalition.

It was obvious that these demands would never be agreed to by the contractors and unions, and the blacks regarded them as no more than starting points for negotiation. "Our position is negotiable," said Nate Smith. "We know eight months for training is low. We left room for them to come up with a figure. We're willing to go up to fifteen months. But they won't come down at all."

"As for the 40 per cent," Smith went on, "the black population of Pittsburgh is not 40 per cent. We're willing to go down to 10 per cent. But they haven't offered anything."

The contractors and unions, naturally, felt they had offered something in their original plan with some later modifications. "We don't feel it got proper consideration," said one contractor. The Black Coalition considered the industry plan just long enough to decide that it left the apprenticeship system basically intact, with no guarantee that there would be black men in the IBEW or the Iron Workers union. Their answer was "Black Monday."

PRIVATE DEALS & PUBLIC INTEREST

THE POLITICS OF TOBACCO

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There are billboards in the South which read: CAUTION: ANTI-SMOKING PROPAGANDA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR ECONOMIC HEALTH. And well it might. Smoking is big business in the South. In Kentucky it accounts for 40 per cent of the state's total income, 77 per cent of its cash crops. It is the most important single industry in both North Carolina and Virginia, and the leading cash crop of five states. Half a million farm families and 100,000 factory workers in these five states earn their livelihood from Lady Nicotine. For many Southern Congressmen it is more important that they vote "right" on tobacco than that they champion the cause of States' rights.

Cigarettes are more than a business. They are a regular and accustomed part of the daily routines of 60 million Americans. The average smoker consumed 9,100 cigarettes—twenty-five a day—last year, and by so doing reduced his life expectancy by six and a half years. Every day 4,000 teen-agers and young adults took up smoking as a like number of their parents and friends began the torturous process of kicking the habit. For every one smoker who succeeded in giving up, there were hundreds

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who would have liked to. Surveys have shown that as many as eight smokers in ten are dissatisfied with their habit and would like to quit. Nine in ten believe that smoking is dangerous to their health.

As an issue of public policy the smoking and health controversy has a number of interesting facets. Attempts to control the tobacco industry confront the classic dilemma of regulation: minor benefits for the many can be gained only at the expense of major reverses for the few. The hazards of smoking, though real, are remote, intangible and diffuse. Smoking damages the health of millions, but for any given individual the degree of damage is at best problematic. On the other side of the coin, however, any significant decline in the number of cigarettes consumed would have an immediate, tangible and drastic impact on the economic well-being of tobacco farmers, fertilizer merchants, cigarette factory workers, cellophane and aluminum foil manufacturers, salesmen, vending machine companies, and perhaps even the corner druggist. And how would the state and federal governments replace the more than $4 billion in tax revenues which they derive each year from cigarette taxes?

The American political process usually works to avoid regulatory issues. The interests of tobacco growers, of cigarette manufacturers, and of television broadcasters (who derive almost 11 per cent of network advertising billings from cigarettes) are immediate and direct, and of course well represented in Washington. The tobacco lobby was able to bring more than twenty distinguished doctors and medical researchers before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to argue that the health case against smoking is not clearly established. The Governors of two Southern states testified on behalf of their major industries. Thirty members of the House—all but three from major tobacco-producing districts—introduced legislation on behalf of the tobacco industry. And of course the tobacco growers, tobacco workers, the broadcast industry, and the major manufacturers were also represented.

Weighed in the balance against this impressive array of knowledgeable and concerned citizens is a motley, ill-coordinated hodgepodge of public officials, private citizens and independent researchers speaking on behalf of that elusive concept known as the public interest. In contests such as these the general public almost invariably loses out.

What makes this year's smoking and health controversy interesting and significant is the very real possibility that for once the public interest may triumph. There are encouraging signs, moreover, in this and in other current controversies, that a new and very meaningful concept of the public interest may be evolving. In a system long accustomed to defining the common good as the sum of private deals, the change will not be wrought overnight, but there are signs of a shift. In this controversy it is the tobacco industry and not the public which is on the defensive.

The major forces behind the shift have not been generally associated in recent years with progressive policies. The key agent of change has been the Public Health Service. The 1964 Report of the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee, with its stark and startling conclusion "that cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action." was the opening gun in the government's war on cigarettes. Traditionally a conservative agency, dedicated to the maintenance of close ties with the medical profession and with local health officials, the Public Health Service (PHS) had concluded as early as 1956 that there was a definite causal relationship between excessive smoking and lung cancer. Not until 1964, however, was the PHS willing to suggest that the health hazards of smoking were of sufficient magnitude to warrant public action. The PHS has little direct power. It has been able to encourage further research and to mount a modest educational campaign. But by the very fact of its having found smoking a public hazard, the Surgeon General's report became the critical catalyst to the development of new policies. What the PHS did in 1964 was to transform the problem of smoking into the issue of smoking, and a problem must be perceived as an issue before the policy-making process can begin.

Once smoking had been defined as a public issue, once the problem had been injected into the public arena, the balance of political power began to shift. No longer simply a contest between private groups such as the American Cancer Society on the one hand and the tobacco industry and its allies on the other, smoking became an issue on which Congress, the press, the medical profession, and various agencies of government were forced to take a stand.

In 1964, two forces in particular were moving in on tobacco. Most important were the courts. Citing the findings of the Surgeon General, literally hundreds of lawsuits were initiated against the cigarette manufacturers by the families of individuals who had died of lung cancer and related diseases. Even if unsuccessful, these suits were a source of major embarrassment to the industry. Second in importance was the Federal Trade Commission. Like most regulatory agencies, the FTC has not recently been noted for the vigor with which it has defended the public interest. In the characteristic cycle of institutional development, the FTC is in its "mature" stage, a stage when, in Emmette Redford's words, "the agency has lost the original political support, when it has found its position among the contending forces in society, and when it has crystallized its own evolved program. It then becomes part of the status quo and thinks in terms of the protection of its own system and its own existence and power against substantial change." Such agencies seldom rock the boat. But in 1964, within months of the Surgeon General's report, the FTC rocked and shocked the tobacco industry with a proposal to require a health warning on all cigarette packages and in all cigarette advertising.

It was this FTC order which sent the tobacco lobby scurrying to Congress and which resulted in enactment of the Federal Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act of 1965. That act represented an overwhelming victory for the tobacco industry. One minor concession—the warning on the pack—was traded for a blanket four-year preemption of all other governmental actions in the field. By the terms of the 1965 law no federal agency, no state or

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local government could act in such a way as significantly to control the cigarette industry. And as an added bonus the warning helped to absolve manufacturers from any legal responsibilities for premature deaths.

The only meaningful victory for the anti-smoking forces in 1965 was to limit the effect of the act until June 30, 1969. It is that magic date which has a second time put Lady Nicotine on trial. And in the interim her opponent has grown in strength. Two significant allies have been added to the anti-smoking coalition. The medical profession, through some very aggressive state medical associations, has become an increasingly vocal supporter of the Surgeon General's report.

It was widely rumored in 1964 that the AMA had reached an agreement in Congress whereby tobacco states' opposition to Medicare would be traded for AMA neutrality on the issue of smoking and health. Though agreeing that smoking was "a serious health hazard," the AMA's policy position was, in the words of FTC Com. A. E. MacIntyre, "precisely the position of the tobacco industry." If an explicit agreement with the industry ever existed, however, it is not now in effect. The AMA no longer defends tobacco interests; and it has been largely at the urging of state medical societies that California, New York and Utah have taken steps to curb tobacco sales. In the most far-reaching proposal the California state assembly passed an act in May which would have banned all advertising of cigarettes in the state. If Congress fails to act, the pre-emption provisions of the 1965 act will lapse, and strict state laws such as these will be allowed to go into effect.

The final, and in some ways the most surprising source of anti-smoking pressure, has come from the Federal Communications Commission. If the Federal Trade Commission is in its "mature" stage, then surely the FCC is in its dotage. In a special study of the regulatory commissions which James Landis prepared for John F. Kennedy in 1960, the FCC was described as more subject to pressure, more subservient to industry, and more in need of a total overhaul than any other agency. The FCC has not been overhauled, but it has become a key factor in the smoking and health controversy. In 1967 it ruled that broadcasters carrying cigarette commercials must give a significant amount of time to information on the health hazards of smoking. More recently, on February 6, the FCC proposed to adopt rules which would ban the broadcast of cigarette commercials by all radio and television stations. In view of the overwhelming evidence, publicly sanctioned by the Bureau of Public Health, that smoking constitutes a serious health menace, the FCC ruled the "presentation of commercials promoting the use of cigarettes is inconsistent with the obligation imposed upon broadcasters to operate in the pubilc interest."

A revived coalition has apparently emerged. At best loosely coordinated, it includes such old stand-bys as the American Cancer Society and a surprisingly heterogeneous group of public and private agencies: the AMA and American Dental Association, the FCC and FTC, ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), the Public Health Service, and a growing number of state legislatures. The actions of these groups once again have confronted the tobacco lobby with the need for Congressional action.

More than ninety members of the House of Representatives sponsored bills this term dealing with the smoking issue. They ranged in severity from those proposing a simple extension of the 1965 law, to bills proposing an outright ban on all radio and television ads, a requirement that the warning statement be strengthened and placed on the front of the pack, and an authorization for the Public Health Service to regulate the length of cigarettes. The House, acting with unusual dispatch, quickly passed a modified version of these bills. Six of thirty-seven members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce have given up smoking, but only five could be prevailed upon to vote against the combined interests of the tobacco and broadcasting industries. A floor motion to send the bill back to committee for strengthening amendments was defeated by a vote of 252 to 137.

The coalition which rallied to the defense of tobacco in the House was a familiar one. Only six Southern Democrats—Wright Patman and five Floridians—voted to recommit the bill. Only a handful of Northern Democrats, most of them from rural districts, voted against the motion. Among Republicans a similar pattern prevailed. Of the fifty-two voting for recommittal (and against the tobacco lobby) only three—Kyl, Mayne and Schwengel of Iowa—represented Midwestern agricultural constituencies. Thus it was at base the old farm bloc which passed the bill. It was not a partisan issue, it was not a split between liberals and conservatives: it was the quintessence of the old politics.

Rep. Joe Skubitz of Kansas, the only Northerner to sponsor a bill acceptable to the tobacco industry, gave away a part of this game when he rhetorically asked a witness at the House hearings what would happen if the tobacco crop were reduced:

> If you stop raising tobacco you are going to go into raising more cattle (there are 8,700 livestock farms in the 5th District of Kansas). You are going to go into raising more grain products (with 6,500 commercial farms, feed grains are the second most important product in the district), and you are going to be in competition with a lot of states that are now in the production of these commodities, and perhaps add to their surpluses. Is that correct?

Correct or not, an alliance of economic convenience has long united the grain and livestock farmers of the Midwest and the cotton and tobacco growers of the South. And it is not simply the fear of competition that holds the alliance together. Call it logrolling, accommodation, horsetrading or whatever, it is the system of bargaining which has dominated American politics for close to four decades. It is a system in which public policy is arrived at through a simple summing of private deals. So long as each minds his own business, each major interest from tobacco to corn, and from airlines to atomic scientists, is free to write its own ticket. Government exists to ratify these programs.

This system, which Prof. Theodore Lowi of the University of Chicago calls "interest-group liberalism," operates in almost every important policy arena. Educators make education policy, bankers make banking policy, military men make military policy, railroads make railroad policy.

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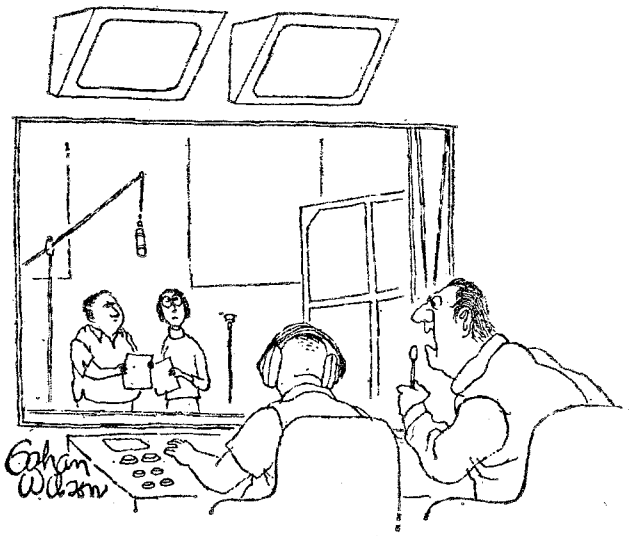

New York Times Book Review

"No! No! No! No! You Haven't Got it Cheerful *Enough! You Haven't Got it* Light! *I Want it* Merry—*I want It To* Bounce! *Let's Take It Again from 'Caution, Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous. . . .'"*

The system has operated most smoothly in the field of agriculture where, in Lowi's words "government-by-conflict-of-interest" has been elevated "to a virtuous principle." Under this system the public interest, if such an interest is conceded to exist, is simply one more interest among many. Thus Joseph P. Cullman, chairman of the Tobacco Institute, has attacked the actions of the FCC and FTC as follows:

> A great diversity of interests is involved. Any legislation or regulation affecting cigarette advertising or labeling would have important consequences for farmers and growers of tobacco, processors, distributors, retail merchants, and cigarette manufacturers, as well as the general public. . . . It is wholly inappropriate for a decision of this scope to be made by any Federal administrative agency whose jurisdiction and expertise are limited to one particular aspect of this complex national problem.

Leaving aside the substantive merits of Mr. Cullman's statement, what is incredible in it is the assumption that the public interest is simply one among many to be considered in making policy. The interests of the general public should not be ignored, Mr. Cullman seems to be saying, but neither should it be exalted above the interests of tobacco growers, processors, et al.

It is possible to run a government according to the tenets of interest-group liberalism. Indeed in some policy arenas the system has worked quite well. But it is a philosophy of government that is inherently shortsighted. All interests are not organized, and therefore all interests are not represented in the making of policy. Moreover, there are general public interests which are difficult to represent but which transcend the interests of any particular groups. Public health is one such issue. And even if we confine ourselves simply to problems of economic injury, the arguments are not all on the side of tobacco. All of us share some of the costs of cigarette damage in cleaning public buildings, trains, planes and hotels, of forest fires caused by smoking, of higher life insurance rates attributable to the higher mortality rates of smokers, of higher fire insurance rates, and of the higher costs of automobiles and public facilities engendered by the need to accommodate to the needs of smokers. Arthur T. Roth of the Franklin National Bank—in a report presented at a Congressional committee hearing—has estimated that the total annual costs of such items related to smoking is more than $10 billion a year. When this figure is compared with the $3.7 billion received from tobacco sales, a plausible anti-cigarette case can be made on purely economic grounds.

That this case did not prevail in the House is not surprising. As noted earlier, the interests of the industry, in contrast with those of the anti-smoking forces, are immediate and direct. One could hardly expect Republican Rep. Tim Lee Carter, whose Kentucky district includes 36,000 tobacco farmers, not to champion the industry's cause. And the bargaining structure of the House is such as to virtually insure the victory of such special interests. Senators, however, have broader constituencies and broader policy perspectives. The bargaining structure of the Senate is much less specialized. If a new concept of the public interest is in fact emerging in our politics, it is here that we are likely to find it.

As this is written, the Senate Commerce Committee is beginning its consideration of the House bill. The composition of the committee adds to the problems of the tobacco lobby. Unlike its counterpart in the House, which is one-third Southern, the nineteen-man Senate committee includes only four Southerners, just two of whom—Spong of Virginia and Hollings of South Carolina—are from major tobacco states. Both Chairman Magnuson, of the full committee, and Moss of the Consumer Affairs subcommittee, who now has charge of the bill, have been consistent advocates of strong regulation. There is a very good chance that the bill will die in committee. And if this happens, or if the bill is filibustered to death, or if it is defeated on the Senate floor, or if the House and Senate conferees are unable to compromise, the pre-emption provisions of the 1965 law will die. With those restrictions no longer in force, the FCC and FTC, the California legislature, and other state and local governments will be free to act as they see fit.

It is this frightening possibility which has sent the industry and its allies running for cover. In the true spirit of interest-group liberalism, the tobacco industry has once again pledged itself to a program of self-regulation. In preference to allowing the FCC to set an arbitrary date, the National Association of Broadcasters in June announced plans to phase out all TV and radio ads by 1973. A month later, the tobacco industry itself proposed a 1970 ban provided that the Senate passes the pre-emption bill.

What self-regulation will do is postpone tobacco's day of reckoning. As the president of the National Association of Broadcasters bitterly lamented on hearing of the manufacturers' action, it's "no great sacrifice on their part" to switch to other media. "They will save $200 million with full knowledge that consumption of cigarettes will not decrease." Self-regulation was also proposed in 1964 in a similar attempt to ward off an adverse vote in the Senate. The nine leading cigarette companies hired

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Robert Meyner, former Governor of New Jersey, to administer the code. The broadcast industry too established voluntary regulatory standards. Both the tobacco and broadcast industry codes attempted to avoid unsubstantiated health claims and direct appeals to youth. Athletes, seductive women, uniformed professionals, and models under 25 years of age were banned from media ads, as were health claims ("not a cough in a carload," "more doctors smoke Camels . . .") or promises of social prominence to be derived from smoking.

In some respects these rules were effective. Athletes lost a major source of revenue. College newspapers were effectively declared off-limits by the tobacco code. Health claims have disappeared from cigarette ads. But as a staff memorandum of the Broadcast Code Authority put it in 1967, overall cooperation on the part of the manufacturers has been "more token than real." Lorillard withdrew from the manufacturers' code in 1966. In 1967, the American Tobacco Company, arguing that the broadcast code was sufficient, also withdrew from the tobacco industry agreement. They then took the view, as Warren Braren, a former manager of the broadcast code's New York office, put it, "that if a commercial was approved by the television networks there should be no reason for the code authority to raise any questions." And of course the networks themselves refused to question ad material on the ground that this was the function of the code. Self-regulation became a farce. Its only remaining function was to ward off Congressional action. As Braren says, "Broadcast self-regulation became synonymous with trade association lobbying."

Whether effective or not, however, self-regulation derives from a radically different set of political values than does regulation by a public agency. It is this point, this question of a fundamental philosophy of government, which underlies Senate consideration of the issue. The real question is this: Is the public interest in the question of smoking and health sufficient to justify appropriate public action: or is this a question which can be trusted to the private sector? Former Governor Meyner posed this larger question quite clearly when he told the House Commerce Committee:

> The outcome of your deliberations in this matter . . . will reach far beyond the cigarette industry alone. The whole concept of industry self-regulation is at stake here. For if Congress now turns its back on this serious effort and resorts to broadened government control, future efforts at self-regulation will be discouraged. What might have been the start of a new era of cooperation between industry and Government will become just another step down the road of business-Government conflict, leading to slower and ever more inefficient regulation.

To put Meyner's alternatives somewhat differently, the issue at stake is whether Congress will affirm the unique status of the public interest and the special role of government in defending that interest; or, alternatively, whether it will continue to encourage the blurring of the lines between the public and private sectors, and in essence define the public interest as a summing of private deals.

In a previous article ("The New Tide of National Politics," *The Nation,* January 22, 1968) I argued that we were approaching a significant break-point in our political history. Substantial numbers of Americans are disaffected with the interest-group liberals' approach to politics and are searching for a new public philosophy. In the 1968 elections two candidates in particular, George Wallace and Eugene McCarthy, were able to capitalize on this mood of restlessness. Though poles apart on most specific issues, Wallace and McCarthy were alike in denouncing government catering to special interests. Both were alike in calling for majority rule rather than government by coalitions of minorities.

This vague and not very clearly articulated call for a new public philosophy appears to be bearing fruit not just in the area of smoking and health but with regard to such issues as automobile safety, conservation, pollution. But like invocations of patriotism, the public interest can be a last refuge of scoundrels. It can be a dangerous concept, and there are aspects of the smoking and health controversy which point these dangers up.

One of the more serious potential problems is the tendency for popular majorities to be rough on the First Amendment. Freedom of speech is not clearly involved in the present instance. As the United States Court of Appeals ruled in 1968:

> Promoting the interest of a product is not ordinarily associated with any of the interests the First Amendment seeks to protect. As a rule, it does not affect the political process, does not contribute to the exchange of ideas, does not provide information on matters of public importance, and is not, except perhaps for the admen, a form of individual self-expression.

True as this may be, the line between activities which can be protected by the First Amendment because they are political, and those which need not be because they are commercial is not easy to delineate. Is violence on TV a proper subject for public action, or is it permissible, as Congressman Broyhill of North Carolina puts it, "to pollute the mind but not the lung"? And if government can take steps to control violence, what other kinds of content can it regulate?

A second difficulty is in guaranteeing expert action. One of the signal advantages of interest-group liberalism is that it locates power and knowledge in the same hands. The tobacco industry people probably know as much about tobacco as anyone—certainly they know more than does the FCC. That they are almost undoubtedly blinded by bias does not alter the fact of their knowledgeability, and a plausible argument can be made that this knowledgeability entitles them to special consideration. Just as the views of welfare recipients should perhaps be given special consideration in formulating welfare policies, or students in making educational policy decisions, so perhaps should the concerns of tobacco growers and producers

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be given extra weight in making policy in this area. This is not to say that they should be allowed to make that policy but only that their views should be specially sought and specially considered. In a large and complicated society it is particularly important to find effective means of decentralizing some decision-making powers into the hands of those most immediately concerned with the issues at hand.

These caveats notwithstanding, the emergence (or perhaps it is a re-emergence) of a public philosophy in America cannot help but have a salutary impact on our political system. With such a philosophy, in the words of New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, Bess Myerson Grant, "We need not surrender our social and physical environment to the vast corporate and political bureaucracies, which now too often stand beyond any meaningful public accountability." The assertion of the public's interest in the issue of smoking and health is part of a much larger rebellion against the increasing privatization of the political process. Even if self-regulation and private control win out in this instance, the battle has been joined.

Greece: A Chance for Democracy

W. G. FORREST

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Friends of the military junta claim that there was no democracy in Greece before the coup of April 21, 1967; its enemies say that the revolution destroyed democracy. Paradoxically both are right.

The Greece which was invented in 1833 was poor and primitive; it was still poor and comparatively primitive a hundred years later. Economically there had been little industrialization and even by 1967 some 50 per cent of the population was still employed on the land. Politically, a constitution of a sort was established in 1844 and another in 1864, when a Parliament was also created. But 300 politicians do not make a Parliament unless they have some Parliamentary marrow in their bones and the politicians who assembled for the early Parliaments, more often than not, were the same local barons who had run the near-independent local units of Turkish Greece. They were supported by their constituents for the power they could exercise for them and the patronage they could give them; ideology was a rare commodity and it was small wonder that General Metaxas, as late as 1936, could dissolve Parliament with Parliament's own initial approval. He could not destroy democracy for there was none to destroy.

But he did other things. In the political establishment's corridors of power little was changed, but at street level his persecutions turned a Communist Party, which had acquired some artificial significance by electoral accident in 1936, into an organization which was ready to become the chief focus of resistance to the Germans after his death in 1941. Communists had become numerous; those who were prepared to associate with them also had increased. Ideological thinking was creeping in.

But if it crept in still further during the Nazi occupation, it seemed to have been swept out again by the end of the Civil War in 1949, a war which left Greece broken —morally, economically and politically. The disreputable Left had been destroyed and this brought chaos to the Center. Britain, America, the traditional establishment had apparently won. The forty-four parties which presented themselves at the elections of March 1950 inspired little hope for a restored "democracy." The institutions themselves were unsatisfactory and the old corruption, inefficiency, nepotism and intimidation prevailed. Besides there were still many Greeks in prison for no apparent reason.

Nevertheless there were some Greeks, particularly among the youth of the country, who were beginning to see that the old-style political game was outdated; that the need was for efficient government; that there could be no efficient government without a stable parliamentary system (or, of course, a stable dictatorship). And even among the politicians there began to appear an awareness of change. For the elections of November 1952 the right-wing parties came together under General Papagos; the Center grouped itself uneasily around General Plastiras; the Right gave itself an overwhelming majority of seats (247 against 53) on a minority vote, and so began a government which did more good for democracy in Greece than had any before it.

That is a judgment that would shock any doctrinaire democrat. The administration set up by Papagos and taken over by Karamanlis in 1955 kept itself in power by gross electoral chicanery. But it did keep itself in power until 1963 and when it fell it was no longer a mere electoral coalition; it had become a party. Meanwhile it had been efficient and stable, and its stability, which continued against an apparent background of parliamentary opposition, conditioned Greeks to the idea that the opposition might one day take power. It also conditioned the opposition to produce a rival party to fight the elections of 1961 and to win the elections of 1963.

The old-style politicians of the Center were slow to find an answer to Karamanlis' National Radical Union (ERE). It was opposed at the elections of 1956 by a loose coalition of no less than eight parties which gained more votes but substantially fewer seats than ERE. Fortunately, it was not a coalition that could have lasted. Further left the picture was brighter. The Communists were banned but a new party had been created, the United Democratic Left (EDA), under Communist influence but with many non-Communist members and an impeccably moderate program. It had joined the coalition of 1956 but in 1958

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it stood alone and won seventy-nine seats against ERE's 171 and, more significantly, only fifty for the other parties.

So the Center came to see that, while part of EDA's appeal was to genuine left wingers, many Greeks were voting for it because it was the only solid opposition to Karamanlis. Many others were voting for Karamanlis because they saw him as the only alternative to the "Communist" EDA; in other words, a united Center party could win. Thus the twelve parties that had fought in 1958 were only six in 1961 and of those only three mattered, ERE, EDA and the new Center Union (EK); in 1963 there were only four; in 1964, when EK won handsomely, there were only three.

This was the result of a belated, unenthusiastic response by parliamentarians to the changing patterns of Greek political feeling; but it was only partly superficial. EDA had at its core the established solidarity of the extreme Left; eight years in office had given ERE a real identity; remarkably, in a year or two EK too acquired a common purpose, a common loyalty which was unlike anything there had been before.

This was largely due to two men, George Papandreou and his son Andreas. George had done little to create the new climate, but was quick to sense it and well suited to exploit it. The politicians were not converted overnight and it needed old-style political skill of a high order to hold them together. This Papandreou had. He also had a consistent liberal record. What he lacked was a new look, but this was provided by Andreas, an American-trained academic economist, a Kennedy-style liberal who had returned to Greece when the Kennedy myth was at its height. Here was someone whom the young people could believe in and want as a leader.

On the surface, the elections of 1961, 1963 and 1964 were fought on specific issues—education, defense, the civil service, agriculture, etc.—which concerned EK in office. Collectively EK's answers raised another, wider issue. Even with an annual growth rate of 6 per cent—which Karamanlis had established and EK was maintaining or increasing—could the economy stand the strain which the Papandreou reforms were putting on it? It was a legitimate question and it produced a healthy democratic argument. Unfortunately the argument which led to the fall of the Papandreou government in July 1965 was less healthy and much less democratically conducted.

The Greek army had long played an important part in politics, since 1936 a right-wing Royalist part, for Metaxas had removed nearly 1,000 Republican officers. There also had been a further major purge under British guidance immediately after the war. Inside the army "secret societies" had always flourished, innocent enough organizations designed in the main to engineer promotion for their members, but sometimes possessing political color. In 1965, one such organization, "Aspida," was uncovered. It was of a definite political color (allegedly Red), and linked with Andreas Papandreou himself. George Papandreou then moved to bring the army under more direct political control. The army's commander in chief, the young King Constantine, countered by dismissing Papandreou. Thus old quarrels were revived, about the monarchy, the army, other things; but the real quarrel was a new one. Who ruled Greece, the establishment or a popularly elected government?

The chaos which followed the July crisis illustrates the balance between new and old that had been reached by 1965. The King and his advisers resorted to traditional intrigues and were able to arrange for the defection of about thirty EK deputies, thus making possible an ERE coalition government. To many observers, including some influential foreign diplomats, this was proof that Greek politicians were what they always had been: fickle, venal and unprincipled. But these same observers failed to notice that this time the price for defection was abnormally high (it was a defector, Stephanopoulos, who became Prime Minister), nor did they notice that more than a hundred EK deputies remained loyal. In 1952 the electoral defeat had shattered Plastiras' coalition; now, despite every kind of maneuver, a substantial party remained in existence.

The significance of the decision to hold new elections in May 1967 was also missed. There was much in-fighting before the decision was taken and there was much more to come. But the essential facts were that the man who had succeeded Karamanlis as leader of ERE, Panayiotis Kanellopoulos, was ready to face a straight fight with Papandreou in spite of the likelihood that he would lose; that he is a man of great integrity who would have accepted the result; that a substantial part of the establishment seemed to have recognized that the King's and its own antics during the preceding eighteen months had led nowhere and could lead nowhere. There was a strong desire to settle things in a civilized way. Instead, the tanks moved in.

Here then is the answer to the paradox. There was no democracy in Greece in April 1967. It had been suspended by the King in 1965 with strong support from the army and the right wing. But there had been a fair democracy in operation two years earlier and something that resembled democracy for the preceding ten years. More important, that democracy, or a better one, might be restored in May. There were two other possibilities: a military dictatorship of the Right or a Communist dictatorship.

The danger of the latter was unreal. First, the number of hard-core Communists was always small, and the number of their possible sympathizers, as measured by the EDA vote, had been dropping steadily (from 24.5 per cent in 1958 to 11.8 per cent in 1964) as EK moved ahead. They could not win alone. Second, there was no reason for EK to encourage Communist revolution when they were confident of winning alone. Third, of the seventy truckloads of evidence for a Communist plot, which the colonels claimed to have discovered at the time of their own coup, only a handful has been published, presumably the most incriminating.

The danger of a right-wing coup was no such mirage—it happened, though not as expected. There were some reasons to think that the army, led by its generals, with the support of the King and some substantial right-wing elements, might try to put into effect a NATO contingency plan (the "Prometheus" plan), either to forestall or prevent an EK victory at the polls. It can be said that such a coup would have been more intelligent and more humane than that of the colonels. But it did not happen. A

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"You've Arrived Just in Time—The Natives Have Been Getting Restless"

group of virtually unknown junior officers took over the plan and set themselves up as the saviors of Greece.

Greeks have not shown much eagerness to be saved. For a time there was some hesitation on the Right, caused by the foolishness of the King. He was not privy to the colonels' plans but by his collaboration gave them a spurious respectability which influenced some in their favor. He then took a step, perhaps fatal for the monarchy, toward organizing a counter coup in December 1967. The attempt was understandable but the act was both incompetent and cowardly in execution. Nevertheless his failure and his exile have cleared the air. The colonels are now on their own.

To senior officers, even to those who have survived the present purge, the colonels are disobedient upstarts. To the Athenian aristocracy they are uncouth, brutish yokels. To right-wing politicians their claim to sweep away the corrupt old political world has had little appeal. They have even alienated the nonpolitical Right, members of their own Council of State, judges whose desire for law and order led to initial collaboration. As for others on the Right, who believe in democracy, and were prepared to accept the test of May 1967, they are considered criminals.

Only the Communists can be happy. More and more the resistance-minded youth are attaching themselves to the Communist groups and, if it comes to civil war, the Communists will again win the disproportionate influence they had in the forties. Moreover, the same change in attitude to politics which made the Center Union possible, the shift to more party-conscious thinking, has made a strong Communist Party possible, given the right conditions. The colonels have provided the conditions.

Meanwhile, in the rest of Europe the revolution has met with little favor. The Communist countries, true to the spirit of Yalta, have maintained a decorous silence. In the West, reaction has varied from the noncommital coolness of France and the spineless dithering of the United Kingdom to outright condemnation by Italy, the Netherlands and, above all, the Scandinavian countries. The Council of Europe has postponed decision on the expulsion of Greece until the autumn, but that was out of cowardice, not for any love of the junta.

If all are against, who is for? How do the colonels stay in power? They appealed, of course, to the Greek fear of communism and to the frustration felt after two years of chaos; to the desire for efficiency at all costs. They won good will by remitting agricultural debts; by their religious fanaticism (one of their most repulsive characteristics) which attracted some orthodox elements. And the prospect of stability, however achieved, was agreeable to powerful business interests. But all this has brought very little enthusiastic support. Half a million Greeks came into the streets, whatever the risk, to mourn the death of George Papandreou in November 1968 and made a hero of his old rival Kanellopoulos who gave the funeral oration. Would there be half a dozen to mourn Papadopoulos?

George Papadopoulos would have mourners where in life he has had his only support, in the United States. The CIA was almost certainly aware of the generals' plan for a coup, but had probably overlooked the colonels. Nevertheless neither the CIA nor the State Department nor any other organ of the U.S. Government has shown any marked opposition to the junta. The United States has behaved like an incompetent nanny with a disagreeable child. And Mother Britain, who handed Greece over to the nanny during the Civil War, has sat back and made helpless noises.

There are two reasons why this has happened. First, American diplomats have been no more successful than the British in plotting the changing political consciousness of Greeks since 1945. To innocent third secretaries and equally innocent ambassadors they were still the "knavish Greeks" or the "childish Greeks." Second, there is the magic formula called "the security of the Western Alliance." Since 1946 the Greek army has been a reliable "Western" army, and it is no exaggeration to say that Greek governments have been judged in Washington as much or more by their acceptability to the army as by their own political activities. It was Papandreou's "interference" with the army that first alienated American sympathy; it was the fact that a part of the army (even if the wrong part) organized the April coup that softened American hostility to it. Whatever distaste might be felt on the political side, Greece was at least "safe for NATO."

The problem cannot be solved without Washington's realization that these were errors, that the Greeks are now capable of running a democratic government, and that military rule does not make Greece "safe for NATO." The first is difficult, if not impossible. It demands an act of faith of a kind that diplomats and governments are rare-

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ly willing to make. The second is much more easily demonstrated.

The sad events in Czechoslovakia seemed at first to strengthen the military case. If tanks of the Warsaw Pact had a place in Prague, NATO tanks had a place in Athens. But the tanks in Prague have not won many Czechs to the Russian cause, and there have been some expressions of disapproval from Warsaw Pact countries. The tanks in Athens have taught Greeks a hatred for America that few of them felt before, and not all NATO countries are happy to see the democracy which NATO was designed to preserve treated with cynical contempt by those who direct its policies. However strange the thought may seem in the corridors of the Pentagon, many Europeans welcomed an American presence in Europe because they saw it as a guarantee of the preservation of institutions in which they believed.

What then, is the answer? A long time ago a very wise Greek remarked that "tyranny was a fine situation, but it had no easy way out." Nor does it. In a broad sense there are three possibilities: that the colonels be forced to liberalize themselves; that a caretaker government be installed with instructions to hold elections as soon as possible on the pattern intended in 1967, or that a government should be installed to watch over the preparation of a new constitution under which new and better elections could finally be held.

There are signs that American policy is still optimistically concentrating on the first, for on April 24, the State Department announced that the colonels had been given such orders. (There may have been earlier American pressure or fear of it behind Papadopoulos' announcement of improvements to be made.) Greeks, said Papadopoulos, are now to enjoy the right to security in their own homes. Apart from the tacit admission that they have not enjoyed it hitherto, it is clear that this new freedom will be exercised under the colonels' proposed constitution, but with the proviso that anyone who abuses such rights "will suffer the loss of the corresponding right or of all rights." But how, we may ask, can the abuse of such a right be detected except by infringing it, by breaking into the security of the home? And what could be blunter than Papadopoulos' comment on the quarrel with the Council of State—"Disagreement with me constitutes a *coup d'état*"?

The second possibility, quick elections, is scarcely realistic. For one thing, Greeks have probably moved too far in the last two years for a mere return to the *status quo ante*. Also, in the eyes of the State Department it would seem to offer far too easy a route back to power for Andreas Papandreou, and no one likes to confess that four years of effort have been in vain.

The third solution, though difficult and in some ways depressing, is practical and might prove to be beneficial. A right-wing government centered around Karamanlis would be acceptable to the State Department; with the support of other leading right wingers, Kanellopoulos, Markezinis, Mme. Vlachos, Rallis, Averov, even perhaps poor Constantine, it could have some genuine and popular backing—a minority backing, but more than the colonels will ever have and possibly enough to take Greece through without disaster to a a new and genuinely democratic life.

This would mean a return to 1952, and the Greeks do not want that. Most of them have acquired a taste for democracy—real democracy—and it will not be easy for them to be patient. Nor will they readily accept government by those they rightly see as the begetters, however indirectly, of their present horrors.

Nonetheless, it is a chance. It is the only chance if civil war is to be ruled out. So far the resistance groups have behaved well—a few explosions beautifully calculated to produce maximum effect with minimum damage and no casualties. But how long before they may decide that it is easier to kill than not to kill? At such an awful moment America will have to say farewell to Greece as a "safe" ally—or face up to a new Vietnam.

THE GARBAGE EXPLOSION

CHARLES A. SCHWEIGHAUSER
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The accumulation of solid waste in the United States is reaching alarming dimensions. Each person throws away more than half again as much waste as he discarded fifty years ago. A larger and more affluent population, buying an increasing quantity of goods designed to be discarded after temporary use, produces a gigantic disposal problem. Each one of us in a year throws away 188 pounds of paper, 250 metal cans, 135 bottles and jars, 338 caps and crowns, and $2.50 worth of miscellaneous packaging. And every year we amass 2 per cent more refuse which, coupled with a 2 per cent annual population growth, indicates a 4 per cent annual growth in the solid waste disposal problem.

In 1920, the daily per capita disposal was somewhat less than 3 pounds; in 1965 it was 4.5 pounds, not including industrial solid wastes, which account for an equal amount. In 1920 the citizens of this country were throwing away 100 billion pounds per year; today the amount is more than 720 billion pounds per year—not including 6 trillion pounds of mineral and agricultural solid wastes. By 1985, household wastes alone will amount to an estimated 1.25 trillion pounds per year.

The trend is illustrated by the history of glass containers. The first "no deposit, no return" beer bottle was made in 1938; in 1958 more than 1 billion bottles were made, and in 1965, nearly 5 billion bottles were distributed. The throwaway soft-drink bottle production was more than 1 billion. By 1970, the estimated combined beer and soft-drink use will exceed 12 billion nonreturnable bottles. That's 33 million bottles a day.

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Nearly all major urban areas have run out of suitably inexpensive land for solid waste disposal, and are forced to dispose of solid waste by either long distance removal or incineration. Incineration is more expensive than land disposal because of smoke pollution laws, and incinerator residue must be disposed of somewhere on the land.

The traditional method of disposing of solid waste was to put it either on the land, under the land, or down the side of a bank, where it decayed and was covered by vegetation. Very little thought was given to the pollution that resulted from using the land as a dump. Water, air and visual pollution weren't noticeable because their effects weren't very large. With an increasing population producing proportionately more waste, the physical insult to the land and to human sensibilities can no longer be tolerated. Urban areas must look for new methods and procedures to handle solid waste, as traditional techniques become unsatisfactory.

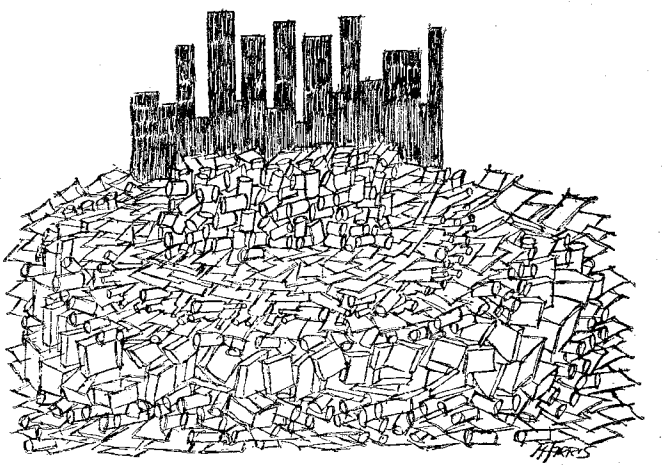
Few successful attempts have been made to re-use the paper, glass, plastics, rubber, rags and garbage that make up most of our domestic solid waste. About 35 per cent of total paper production, and about 10 per cent of plastics are recycled; glass not at all. The re-use of some metals is higher, as most major nonferrous metals can be economically salvaged. Copper re-use accounted for about 40 per cent of the supply in the United States in 1963, discarded lead was recovered at a rate that was more than double that produced from domestic mines, and scrap aluminum accounted for about 25 per cent of the total supply in the same year. Recovered scrap iron and steel currently account for about 50 per cent of total production. The recovery of rubber for chemicals, rubber and fibers is beginning to increase, and now stands at about 15 per cent.

The nearly 180 million tons of annual municipal refuse are estimated to contain ferrous and nonferrous metals valued at more than $1 billion. Each ton of residue from incineration contains 500 pounds of iron and 50 pounds of aluminum, copper, lead, tin and zinc. Fly ash from incinerators weighs about 20 pounds for every ton of refuse incinerated, and contains enough silver and gold to be comparable to a normal mine assay in the West.

Our solid waste disposal problems would be much worse if some materials were not recycled. A great deal more recycling could be done, but rising labor costs, uncertain markets, synthetics, and the mixing of refuse all make re-use costly and difficult.

Our industry is organized to use continuous input of new, rather than recovered, materials, and is sustained by constantly increasing consumer affluence and demands, built-in obsolescence, self-service merchandising, and competitive enterprise. We collect sometimes widely scattered resources, process and distribute them. But the responsibility of the private enterprise manufacturers stops at the shipping door. Neither distributors nor the retailers ever took responsibility for the disposal of the material they distribute (returnable bottles were an exception). Goods are used and then discarded; there are no consumers in the literal sense of the word. Responsibility thus passes from producer to user to a local government disposal agency.

So far it has been economically more feasible to build a new product out of new resources, because our industrial systems are so constituted, than to recover and re-use old products and their parts. Re-use systems could work in one of two ways: the material to be recycled could be collected by the producer, or the public agency or private individual keeps responsibility for returning the product to the producer/manufacturer (reverse distribution). The



former system has worked, but in a rather disorganized and unsystematic manner; missing are economic incentives to encourage an efficient re-use system. Compounding the problem is our resistance to investment of money in an item that we will never use again. Solid waste disposal, therefore, has a low priority status with the general public and its agencies.

Recycling of garbage presents some interesting and difficult situations. Before urbanization, domestic garbage was recycled through pigs, chickens and other farm animals. Piggeries still use domestic garbage, but on a lesser scale. Garbage must be separated from nonorganic solid waste, usually in the home, which causes problems. Most states require domestic garbage to be cooked before it is fed to swine in order to stop the trichinosis cycle, a requirement that is necessary for public health but that is also expensive and time consuming for the piggery operator.

Another recycling method for garbage is composting, a process that involves biochemical degradation of the organic material. This material must be separated from ferrous metal, usually by magnet, and from all other metals, glass, paper, rubber and plastics by hand. The remainder is shredded, put through a short aerobic period to increase bacterial action and to hasten decomposition, and then allowed to cure for several months. The final product is a soil conditioner.

The product is of good quality, but the cost of producing it is greater than that of other types of soil conditioners. The cost of compost material from other sources is higher in Europe than in the United States, and thus composting of solid waste is much more widely practiced there. Contribution to the cost factor is labor (including pickers), rather expensive equipment, time for the product to mature, and the relatively low percentage of organic

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material in the total refuse. About 30 per cent of the original material must still be disposed of by other means. Vermin are also hard to control in a compost operation.

A number of schemes have been proposed, and a few are being developed, using other kinds of technology. For example, containers that dissolve in water or by the action of soil acids and sunlight are being investigated. Organic solid waste, mixed with sewage sludge, may give a high-grade composting material, provided that the pathogens can be removed. This process may also be valuable in curtailing excessive use of nitrogen, and thereby slowing down the tendency toward entropy in lakes and waterways.

Home solid waste grinders, analogous to contemporary garbage grinders, have been proposed. These larger and more rugged units might handle objects of paper, glass, plastics and light metal up to a cubic foot or more in size. After grinding, the material would be disposed of through sewer systems.

The Japanese have built large compactors to reduce solid waste to high-density blocks, which are then encased in an asphalt sealer and used for building foundations and other construction purposes. The city of Cleveland is also experimenting with a similar technique, using a mixture of solid waste, fly ash, dried sewage sludge, river and lake dredgings, and incinerator residue made into small, compact bricks for use as fill material to reclaim submerged lands adjacent to Lake Erie.

Paper products make up the largest percentage of most domestic solid waste. Since paper is nearly all cellulose, and since ruminants (cattle) can digest cellulose and turn it into protein, a number of public and private groups are experimenting with the use of paper products, supplemented with vitamins and minerals, as cattle feed. Today's newspaper may be tomorrow's steak.

Power production from incinerated solid waste has also been proposed. Milan, Italy, will soon be running all of its streetcars and subways by electricity generated by incinerated solid waste. Similar attempts in this country have been less successful, however, because of the inconsistent quality of the refuse to be incinerated and the production of electricity by other, hitherto less expensive means.

Other ideas have been put forward, such as adding hydrogen to wastepaper to make a high-grade fuel. Sanitary land-fill techniques along the sides of highways, power lines, sewer interceptors and other public rights of way have also been suggested. Such innovations have met with little enthusiasm, however, due to economic factors, entrenched procedures and lack of organized promotion campaigns.

The annual sum spent on solid waste collection and disposal in this country is large in comparison with other services. The annual cost of refuse collection and disposal, according to a recent federal document, is estimated at more than $4.5 billion, an amount that is exceeded only by schools and roads among public services. An estimated additional $750 million will have to be spent each year over the next five years to bring the collection and disposal systems of the nation to an acceptable health and aesthetic level.

The figures show only how much we have extracted from our natural environment, used briefly, and discarded permanently. They tell nothing about the supply of metals, pulp and other resources still left in the natural environment that we will use once and discard. Will we run out of resources before we choke on our own midden?

We can no longer treat solid waste as something to be shoved so far away that we'll never see it. There just isn't anywhere left to put it. We must learn to treat solid waste as a fact of life, and learn how to live with it, as we have learned to live with, or at least tolerate, sewers, automobiles, manufacturing plants and all other aspects of our modern age.

It should also be realized that our traditional attitude toward solid waste disposal is untenable in view of further environmental deterioration. This attitude can be characterized by the phrase "symptom-chasing." The disposal problem will not be solved by improving procedural techniques: it can only be postponed for a few years at best. The ultimate goal of refuse disposal—or any pollution control—is 100 per cent recycling of materials and energy. Advanced refuse recycling systems for urban areas are in the distant future; for the countryside they are even further away.

The problem can be viewed from another perspective. To control the effluent of our affluent society one must understand and rectify the causes in human behavior, and not just the symptoms. If a man has a brain tumor we would hardly expect his total treatment to be an aspirin. We must somehow convince the refuse makers—both the producers and the consumer-users (that means all of us)—that our overpackaged, overstuffed, throw-away life-style will bring long-term ecological and economic disaster. We probably will not much longer have the luxury of making decisions that will affect the ecosystem, as nearly all decisions ultimately do, based solely on economic and political expediency.

It is comparatively simple to write about solid waste practices and to recommend certain changes and improvements. It would be infinitely more difficult—but much more to the point—to study ways of drastically reducing solid waste effluent. And we must recognize that our solid waste situation, as well as our larger environment, can be improved only by self-imposed restraints.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Apostle of Nonviolence

GANDHI'S TRUTH: On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. *By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 474 pp. $10.*

RONALD SAMPSON
Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is The Psychology of Power *(Pantheon).*

Under the slightly melodramatic title "Near Death's Door" Gandhi begins the 28th chapter of his *Autobiography* with the bald but plaintive statement: "I very nearly ruined my constitution during the recruiting campaign." The year was 1918. Gandhi was 49 years old. His doctor diagnosed his prolonged illness as "a nervous breakdown." Gandhi's suffering was very real; but it is difficult to repress a sad smile at the spectacle of the apostle of Ahimsa (Nonviolence) trudging a weary 20 miles a day through the villages of Gujarat to recruit soldiers to fight the enemies of the King-Emperor, George V. No wonder Gandhi fell ill—particularly since the villagers, to his chagrin, were not taken in by the devious arguments he advanced for betraying his own principles, and refused to be recruited. Even Gandhi's iron constitution was not equipped to contain with immunity a repressed inner conflict of such explosive dimensions.

Since Gandhi was, of course, unaware of the true source of his symptoms, he treats us to a lengthy disquisition on his experiments in dietary therapeutics, the temptations of the excellent cooking of his devoted wife, the value of ice packs, and the state of his anal tract. Finally he found relief in the milk of the goat, the milk of the cow being excluded by reason of an earlier vow. But Gandhi's love of the truth was irrepressible also; and tucked away in the midst of all the quack medicine—Western and Eastern—he tells us of the arrival of news of the end of the war with Germany. He acknowledges frankly: "The news that I had no longer to worry myself about recruiting came as a very great relief." A masterpiece of understatement.

Gandhi in South Africa, by his exemplary fearlessness and espousal of nonviolent resistance, had led the Indian community in successful struggle against legislative discrimination. By middle age he had thus decisively found his role in life, but on returning to India in 1915, he was faced with the problem of how to establish himself as heir apparent to the leadership of the Swaraj (Independence) movement in the eyes of the existing nationalist leaders, the British and the people at large. The people could be won by devoted service, and Gandhi gave it. Political power could be conquered only by the methods of power, and Gandhi resorted to them—at a price, as we have seen.

Professor Erikson, with that acuity of analytic insight to which he has accustomed us, enables us to relate Gandhi's lifelong ambivalence in the matter of the relation between morals and politics to the Oedipean conflict of his childhood. Gandhi's father, a powerful figure both politically and domestically, aroused his son's ambitions as well as his resentment. Gandhi refers to his father as short-tempered and "given to carnal pleasures." Gandhi's mother, a pious Hindu, was his father's fourth wife, an 18-year-old mate for her thrice-married, 40-year-old husband. Gandhi's unconscious pity for his mother, the object of aggressive "carnal pleasure," was combined with strongly ambivalent attitudes toward his father which were intensified when he was himself forced by his father into marriage at the age of 13. To disobey would arouse heavy guilt feelings as well as run counter to powerfully developing libidinal emotions. To obey would be to commit the same "offense" which he despised his father for committing—only more so, for his own bride was a playmate of 13. An impossible and cruel dilemma!

That Gandhi's own sexual history throughout life was compulsive in expression and fanatical in abstinence is scarcely surprising. In his attempts to escape, Gandhi alternated between revolt against his father and efforts to appease his guilt by painstaking devotion in nursing him when ill or stricken. Hence the morbidity of his guilt when his failure to be present at his father's deathbed was occasioned by his own concupiscence. Similarly Gandhi alternately rebelled and fought against the British and yet twice recruited for ambulance corps (and once even for soldiers) for them when the Empire was in danger.

Erikson, with characteristic discernment, quotes Gandhi's revealing imagery when speaking of the Mother of Parliaments as a prostitute in the service of successive Prime Ministers (Gandhi's father was a Prime Minister). The imagery, says Erikson, bespeaks not only Gandhi's infantile emotions; it speaks also to all the sons of ravished colonial countries. Tolstoy, who admired Gandhi and wrote to him on the need to concentrate primarily on refusals of military service, also commented that Gandhi's fatal weakness was his Hindu patriotism. This patriotism, which led logically to the struggle for political power to evict the British ravishers of *Mother* India, was grounded in powerful infantile emotions. There is unconscious pathos in Gandhi's "it behooves every lover of India to cling to the old Indian civilization even as a child clings to the mother's breast."

Gandhi understood the truth clearly; he brought to the task of implementing Ahimsa unrivaled capacities for heroic courage and self-sacrifice; but the complex of emotions within his breast was never freed from the corrupting love of power at the roots. The struggle with Jinnah and its appallingly tragic consequences was again logically entailed. Nationalism feeds nationalism—others' besides one's own—and the compromises demanded by power effectively becloud and confuse the clarity and simplicity of the truth that liberates men's souls. "Prophet in His Own Country" Erikson entitles one chapter. But that would be to violate one of the laws of life. Gandhi was a hero in his own country, but a compromised one, nevertheless. The gallows still flourishes in India when it has been abolished elsewhere. The army is a revered institution there as elsewhere. It would be absurd to hold him responsible, but Gandhi's military funeral was not entirely undeserved, all the same.

Professor Erikson unfortunately shares Gandhi's own ambivalence on the subject of Gandhi's recruiting efforts; and is therefore unable to diagnose the true nature of his middle-age identity crisis without ambiguity. While he gives fascinating and highly relevant material, much of it brilliantly construed, the central problem is never clearly focused. On the contrary, the central hinge of Gandhi's crisis is seen as the Ahmedabad strike, reviewed in great detail with the aid of first-hand witnesses, which though interesting never substantiates the author's exaggerated claims for its crucial role in Gandhi's development. The Champaran campaign was surely at least as important, subjectively as well as objectively.

Erikson not only condones Gandhi's rationalization to justify his role as re-

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cruiting sergeant but adds embellishments of his own. Only those who lived in India under the Raj can fully apprehend the humiliation and degradation that corroded human relations in the social pyramid from the Viceroy to the lowest of the untouchables. Nevertheless, Gandhi's reasoning that in order to restore the subjugated to a sense of their lost manhood and give them back their self-respect, it is first necessary to teach them to learn the courage to kill in self-defense, is false, pitifully false. For Erikson to accept this reasoning and then extend the parallel to the Jews of the Diaspora in relation to contemporary Israel, is false and highly dangerous. He speaks of "the greatness of leaders who sanction the killing of those led by other kinds of leaders." There is no such greatness. He speaks of "honoring the duty [a military oath] stands for." It stands for legalized murder; it cannot be honored. These arguments are best refuted by Erikson himself later in the book: "For all have become obedient to the policing mind; and once we have learned to reduce 'the other'—any living human being in the wrong place, the wrong category, or the wrong uniform—to a dirty speck in our moral vision, and potentially a mere target in the sight of our (or our soldiery's) gun, we are on the way to violating man's essence, if not his very life."

Genetic Programming

MEN IN GROUPS. *By Lionel Tiger. Random House. 254 pp. $6.95.*

JACK LEAVITT
Mr. Leavitt is an assistant professor of law at John F. Kennedy University, and a free-lance writer.

Men In Groups is a dull book with profound implications. Although its writing is stilted, endlessly apologetic and somewhat inconclusive, its main premise demands respectful attention. According to Dr. Lionel Tiger, a 32-year-old Canadian anthropologist now teaching at Rutgers University, men are attracted to other men by urges as basic as those which draw them to women. The man-man (or man-men) bond is not a sexual attraction but a linkage that gives the resulting combination of males—the team—an opportunity for individual and group fulfillment. The coin of that fulfillment is invariably aggression, biologically sponsored aggression, against outsiders. Men unite and aggress because they cannot do otherwise.

Dr. Tiger's opting for biological necessity is the result of "promiscuous eclecticism," i.e., lots of reading. He rejects personal efforts in field research and specific experimentation largely because those approaches, he feels, would contribute nothing to an understanding of how males relate to one another and what this means for their communities. An intellectual "lumper," he advocates a multi-disciplinary approach by biologists, sociologists and anthropologists to see human problems in their fullest dimensions.

His leap from recognition of world-wide "male" phenomena to acceptance of an inherited socio-sexual determinant is, of course, a great—and possibly unnecessary—leap. Dr. Tiger himself says that he does not know what kind of biological mechanisms would operate to produce the postulated result. Yet the absence of certain variables in a world that was allegedly free should make us question whether the freedom really exists or whether we have optimistically assumed that it does because we prefer having a choice about our destinies. If we had no choice, how would we know it? Whatever else we decide, we should not reject his data out of hand because of distaste for its implications and consequences.

While Dr. Tiger tries to distinguish between aggression and violence, he never defangs his own proposition that any attempts to minimize aggression amount to tampering with ancient and central patterns of human behavior. The more harmony there exists within a male group the more unified strength—and necessity—there is for pressure outside the group. Equally true, we cooperate best when we have a common enemy. Dr. Tiger edges away from the implications of his analysis by suggesting that human beings, as a hunting species, must have hope—but the only optimistic feature of his work is the chance that his surmise is wrong.

To the extent that we refuse to accept genetic programming as conclusively governing our behavior and capabilities, much as our ancestors snubbed great-grand-uncles who lived in trees, we are bound to resist Dr. Tiger's arguments, regardless of the plausibility of his approach. The liberal ethic demands no less.

Without any assurance of the ultimate perfectability of mankind, through acts of good will, where can we place our faith? Without the illusion that the only time is right now and the only toll for progress is courage, how can we improve upon the past? And if we can do no better for ourselves than has already been done to us, why bother with anything?

Even so, we should be impressed by the simplicity and universality of Dr. Tiger's examples. He finds male bonding—and aggression—in baboon groups, college fraternities, political "back rooms," armies, poker clubs, secret societies, athletic teams, barroom regulars, hunting organizations, and the like. We see the pattern and claim it for our well-reasoned plan. We realize, for example, that despite women's numerical strength, only men consistently hold positions of power in government and the military anywhere in the world and at all levels of culture. Why? Because, we annotate our excuses, of childbearing, menstruation, stamina, tradition and, above all, popular *choice*.

And underlying our entire explanation is the promise that, on signal, we could reverse our field and adopt new cultural values. But if male dominance in the social activities that determine group safety is an incidental, changeable arrangement and not an inherited necessity, why are we unable to find a "genuine matriarchate" in any known civilization? (The mythical Amazons, remember, burned off their right breasts to make themselves better archers.) Are we faced with a statistical curiosity? Inadequate data? A common denominator of highly efficient social organization? Or, perhaps, something else?

If Dr. Tiger has woven his research into a valid pattern—and he has marshaled his evidence well enough to be troublesome—we must then concede that biological factors lead directly to human aggression. As the necessary end product of our inherited genes, rather than the erratic result of our cultural choices, aggressive behavior *is* the human condition. Under this theory, men, wherever they are, will band together with other men to engage in "conscious coercion" against the will of other individuals or groups. Whether tuxedoed, painted blue or wearing bones in their noses; whether worshiping a God who promises peace or an idol who shrieks for war; whether eager or reluctant, men will mate and strike. Male plus female yields male with aggressive tendencies; male with aggressive tendencies plus male with aggressive tendencies equals human society.

We can look to the stars, knowing that physical laws will prevent us from ever traveling to those brilliant pinpoints. We can look at ourselves, suspecting that genetic patterns old as Cenozoic mud will prevent us from living in peace. We do, after all, destroy ourselves. The only question is, "Must we?"

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The Astronomer and the Boy

NUDE CROQUET. *By Leslie A. Fiedler. Stein and Day. 288 pp. $5.95.*

THE EGG OF THE GLAK. *By Harvey Jacobs. Harper & Row. 276 pp. $5.95.*

ANNETTE GRANT
Miss Grant, a free-lance writer, was formerly a book reviewer for Newsweek.

It would be difficult to find two collections of short stories more unlike than those of Harvey Jacobs and Leslie Fiedler. Jacobs is an idea man and Fiedler a man of ideas; the first spins tales that are comical and inventive; the second constructs virtual fables of social or philosophical attitudes. One is innocent of ideology, the other proposes Important Truths with a debater's fervor. To paraphrase Mark Twain, the difference is that between a boy and an astronomer.

The stories in *Nude Croquet* represent, according to the book jacket, "all of the short fiction that Mr. Fiedler wishes to preserve." Only four of the stories are newly collected and one of these—"Bad Scene at Buffalo Jump," a description of an Indian peyote ceremony—also appears in his novel *Back to China.* Some of these stories were first published twenty years ago, and it is a good deal harder now to become excited about yet another exposure of the hypocrisies and ambivalences of the liberal mind. But together, they offer a panorama of the author's pet obsessions: Jewish identity wrung from exile and alienation; gentile desire both to assimilate and to discriminate against outsiders; white guilt about Indians and Negroes; the political failure of liberals of the thirties; men's sexual revenge on women; the fear of (or desire for) sterility; and the various forms of male homosexual love.

Fiedler has explored these ideas brilliantly in his essays and criticism, particularly in *Waiting for the End* and *Love and Death in the American Novel.* But his strength as a social, intellectual, and literary historian is his weakness as a writer of fiction. *Nude Croquet* might be subtitled "pedagogical parables," so frequently do the ideological or symbolic overtones obtrude. His characters tend to remain abstractions anthropomorphized but insufficiently humanized. ("An Expense of Spirit," "Nobody Ever Died from It" and "Pull Down Vanity!" are honorable exceptions.) In "The Stain," which concerns itself with black self-hatred, a party member Negro (named Ham, yet), dreams that he is white and conscripted to wash from a stone an ancient and ineradicable stain. An army officer addresses him as "Stein," thus killing two black birds (only one being Jewish) with one stain. (The pun is laboriously explicated.) In case anyone misses the point, Fiedler spells it out in black and white: "*Their* stain, he cried in his head bitterly, *their* shame! . . . *their* lie. . . . Either the internal blackness was a human blackness, the dark failure of everybody, or else there was no stain, as the Party had taught—no stain at all."

In "Dirty Ralphy," a childhood memory based on the evolution of Jewish self-hatred, the symbols are less ostentatious. But again the story founders in sociology. "Later, when poverty came to seem to me not a symptom but a cause of disease, and I had been convinced that we others, not poor, were dying of it too, I felt remorse for my contempt of Ralphy, and could only believe him a victim, our hostility a disguise for social guilt, an uneasy hatred of what nurtured and defined our comfort."

"Let Nothing You Dismay" also explores a child's world of little understood ancestral burdens. The daughter of a gentile-Jewish marriage tries to puzzle out why "At the heart of her Christmases, she was aware of the sore." She rejects Santa Claus as probably unreal but, still, he might be that equally mysterious entity, a "Joo." Her father isn't much help. "It's *mine*, my crime, my disease, my sore. . . . If I had thought, marrying you, I would infect you, my children. . . ."

The inhabitants of Fiedler's tales have in common the rawness of their various wounds, their talent for pouring salt, however inadvertently, on them, and, finally, their propensity to assert that "unhappiness is a virtue." In the title story, a group of dropouts of the 1930s gathers for a reunion. As the long evening wears on, the company, middle-aged, flabby and drunken, strips for an indoor game of croquet (the wickets are formed by spraddled books). Once their defenses are down, their intellects conquered by the starkness of ugly bodies, the consequences are obvious, but still horrifying. They revert to primitivism and orgiastically sacrifice the weakest man's life to the communal gods of guilt and shame.

"The thing is, I was overly concerned with my own symbols." The line might have been written of Fiedler. Instead it is Jacobs' Oliver August ("The Girl Who Drew the Gods") who speaks. The way he continues suggests the difference between the obsessions of the

"We are special." "We are different." "We are outward bound from the old corruptions of the world."

Today's young people are creating a new culture, says Theodore Roszak—one that may transform our deepest sense of the self, of others, of our environment. His penetrating examination of this counter-culture and its major influences—including Herbert Marcuse, Norman Brown, Paul Goodman and Alan Watts—is an important antidote to the frequent hysteria of the mass-media on the subject. For in finding an answer to the question "How shall we live?" the new culture will be countering the crowning achievement of our technocratic society—the promise of thermonuclear annihilation.

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE
THEODORE ROSZAK
$7.95 at all booksellers
Anchor paperbound, $1.95
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one author and the vagaries of the other. August has been suffering from his last visit to the dentist, and the symbols he is overly concerned with are scarcely Fiedler's: "Every night, my book by my bed, I dreamed about inlays, crowns, and unnatural bridges. With the equipment I used for chewing, a family in Peking could live like mandarins."

The guilts and taboos of Fiedler's world appear in Jacobs' only to be dismissed. Sickness, sterility and death—Fiedlerian themes—may receive explicit notice, but only as fugitives. The triad is no more than the last of a series of topics discussed in a course called "Know the Navaho II." "Wakanda Good. Love. Babies. Corn. Wakanda Evil. Dwarfs. Ogres. Underwater people. Thunder people. Maize blight. Sickness. Sterility. Death."

Where Fiedler's stories are intractably abstract, Jacobs' are winningly direct. There are, as the title suggests, elements of science fiction, but usually just enough to give the unmistakable stamp of true-to-life absurdity. In "The Voyage of the Peanut," a country boy gets a job in the big city (Los Angeles) as a walking advertisement, dressed as a giant peanut. His first day begins "when out of the blue a little kid off the sidewalk ran up to me and threw an arm lock around my haunches." She bites into his ankle, not because he is a Jew, Negro or Communist but because she is hungry. Later, the peanut is picked up by a famous movie actress with novel sexual tastes. "Now," she said. "Emerge! Cast off thy shell." The prince in a peanut is eager to oblige but cannot extricate himself and must be cracked open with a nutcracker. So much for the inner life.

Jacobs, unencumbered by the obligation to expose the failures of civilization, peoples his stories with an engaging abandon. At the center there is usually a man beset, a man in a quandary—but never a very serious one, never more serious than being trapped in a peanut shell. In "Reasons of Health" it is an American businessman trapped in Teheran by a phony health official; in "The Lion's Share," a campus epic, it is a shy poet who tries to keep his muse on a pedestal while she wants only to stoop to folly; in the title story it is a young man who agrees to transport the last egg of the extinct Glak to its native habitat in Labrador. The ordeal has all the earmarks of bedroom farce, for the hero must not only satisfy the sexual demands of four women but must also cohabit with the egg.

The Horatian dictum that art should either instruct or entertain suggests the differences between Fiedler and Jacobs. The distinction is not absolute. Fiedler sometimes abandons his didactic posture and achieves powerfully direct scenes, such as the unconsummated seduction in "Pull Down Vanity!" or the concurrent stripping of clothes and the vestments of civilization in "Nude Croquet." Jacobs makes tentative forays into the Fiedlerian territory of morality and conscience, as in "Epilogue" (typically, the first story in the collection). But on the whole, the two writers' apprehensions of the world still remain as far apart as those of the astronomer and the boy.

The Human Environment

EXPEDITION NINE. *By Benton MacKaye. The Wilderness Society. 56 pp. $4.*

FROM GEOGRAPHY TO GEOTECHNICS. *By Benton MacKaye. Edited by Paul T. Bryant. University of Illinois Press. 194 pp. $5.95.*

MAN IN THE LANDSCAPE: A Historic View of the Esthetics of Nature. *By Paul Shepard. Alfred A. Knopf. 295 pp. $6.95.*

THE SUBVERSIVE SCIENCE: Essays Toward an Ecology of Man. *Edited by Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley. Houghton Mifflin Co. 453 pp. $8.95.*

FREDERICK GUTHEIM

Mr. Gutheim is a Washington-based consultant on urban affairs and planning and former president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies. His volume, The Potomac *(Rivers of America Series) was recently reissued by Grosset & Dunlap.*

The world around us has become increasingly a universal human responsibility. As hunter and fisherman, man lived innocently with nature, a part of it. With the domestication of animals, with engineering technologies, with chemicals, man exploits nature, interferes with natural processes, depletes natural and human resources. The polarity of man and nature becomes man versus nature. The dominance of man that is assured by technology has now made inescapable the question whether man can avoid destroying his natural environment (perhaps including himself), and if so, what balance should be struck between the interests of man and the deteriorating human environment.

The history of agriculture offers many illustrations of the possibilities of such a harmonious relationship. If we knew as much about urban history it is likely that we would find a shrewd appreciation of such natural relationships to be the fundamental interpretive consideration in Venice, in Amsterdam and other cities built in fragile natural situations. Regrettably, not human history but the broader concerns of biology have inspired the mainstream of environmental studies and created the science of ecology. Thus far we have been shown the profound and widespread changes in nature—the extinction of entire species, the changes of ocean and climatic scale—that have been produced by technology. More recently, in terms of the human environment, the pollution of air and water, noise, the impact of urbanization, and above all, the pressures of increasing population, have been described. We are at the threshold of understanding the deficiencies of the urban environment—which is rapidly becoming the universal human condition—and its deteriorating effects upon man. The search for such understanding is frustrated, however, by the lack of an intellectual discipline which embraces both man and his environment.

Neither biology nor the social sciences has shown a convincing ability to move in this direction. Those who determine the human environment—architects, engineers, planners—are armed with blunt weapons. For the lack of such insight, the entire apparatus of government, law, economics, morality and human behavior hesitates, indecisive and mute. Those engaged in the tasks of environmental conservation often appear public moralists rather than men acting in the light of scientific authority, and their urgings are intrinsically the topics of controversy unresolvable except by the political process. These doubts and contradictions have been reflected in three important books during the last year: Raymond Dasmann's *A Different Kind of Country*; William H. Whyte's *The Last Landscape*, and Ian MacHarg's *Design With Nature*. No one can read such frequently apocalyptic utterances without the conviction that they are at best descriptions of problems, and at worst, nonsense. Until we have achieved and developed with greater certitude an apparatus for controlling human interventions, there will be little chance either of doing the right things or even of agreeing on what must be done to answer the question, "Can Man Survive?"—a query somberly posed and unconvincingly answered in this year's centennial of the American Museum of Natural History.

To face this question, we might look at earlier intellectual and cultural efforts at understanding man and nature. This is the approach of Paul Shepard. Or we can look at the results of organized practical activity in this field—principally

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the movement to conserve natural resources, commencing in the United States about 1908—the approach reflected in the writings of Benton MacKaye.

MacKaye is living history. He celebrated his 90th birthday this year. Educated and professionally active as a forester, he early expressed broader interest in the human environment, or the habitat as he termed it. The habitability of regions, of cities, of the world has been his concern; and doing something about it, his activity. Some landmarks in a notable career have been his creation of the Appalachian Trail, proposals for sustained yield forestry based on the planning of stable communities for such work, participation in the initial regional plans for New York State and, with greater skepticism, of the Tennessee Valley. As a member of the Regional Planning Association of America he was associated with Clarence S. Stein, Lewis Mumford and others in initiating national programs of housing and community development which yielded Radburn, the Greenbelt towns, and much of the present technique of new town building. (Such planning programs could provide a most valuable stock of experience. Yet they have received almost no careful examination, except an excellent but rather specialized account by Roy Lubove in his *Community Planning in the 1920's*. The continuity of planning efforts over such a long period of time—more than half a century—commands attention. In the context of the projected United Nations 1972 conference on the human environment, one is even more conscious of the value and uniqueness of our national contribution to both the theoretical and the practical aspects of the problem, and even more frustrated by its relative obscurity.)

Nothing short of a full biography with extensive documentation, and a collection of his writings and letters, will really make clear MacKaye's contribution. The two volumes under consideration here must be regarded as contributions to the more comprehensive story, rather than as complete works in themselves. MacKaye's "expeditions" in the vicinity of Shirley Center, his Massachusetts home, are charming, insightful accounts of the changing environment of what is today part of the Boston exurbia, but still retains its aspect of a New England town. As in *Expedition Nine*, and everything else he has written, there is a strong flavor of personal experience, if not autobiography, in *From Geography to Geotechnics*. The series of essays from which this collection receives its title, published in *The Survey* when MacKaye had retired, is the outline for a more ambitious work. One can see now that such a work would have been impossible to complete, given the state of environmental thought in 1950, yet MacKaye's contribution is both clear and valuable in this form, and it can be accepted as his most mature statement of his views, reflecting a lifetime's experience with nature and human beings, regions and cities, practice and theory.

Paul T. Bryant has rounded out the volume with a well-selected group of MacKaye's other essays dating from 1919 to 1940, chosen to document the outlines of his philosophy. Bryant persuasively contends that MacKaye belongs, with Thoreau and others, to a select group of American writers who have contributed to the American awareness of our continental engagement with nature and the responsibilities we must assume. He regards MacKaye as a primary figure among those concerned with the quality of the environment, with, as Bryant expresses it in an excellent introduction, the "race to preserve habitability and establish the general practice of geotechnics before the environment has been finally and irretrievably destroyed." This collection of essays re-establishes at the right time a seminal thinker in a great national tradition and his importance in finding a solution to an urgent contemporary problem.

In a longer historical framework we have Paul Shepard's book, *Man in the Landscape*, and his anthology of readings in ecology, *The Subversive Science*. Biologists and anthropologists will not take kindly to many of Shepard's ideas and assertions; scientists will be uncomfortable with his mysticism; historians will doubtless pick flaws in his wide-ranging treatment of prehistoric animal husbandry, the attitudes toward nature of Italian Renaissance poets and 19th-century romanticists, and Theodore Roosevelt's philosophy of field sports and the strenuous life. But *Man in the Landscape* is an original and challenging presentation, rich with ideas, references and information. Ecology for Shepard is a cultural adventure.

A still richer feast has been laid in the collection of essays Shepard and Daniel McKinley have assembled. The authors include Paul Sears, René Dubos, Raymond Fosberg, LaMont Cole and other authorities. It is a genuine editorial accomplishment to have selected writings that are at once representative of their authors' thought, contributory to the overall themes of the volume, and fresh and contemporary in tone and style. But to complement this orthodoxy (if "the subversive science" can be said to have any establishment viewpoint) there are less familiar figures like Paul L. Errington, Erich Isaac and Colin Bertram, and stimulating contributors from peripheral

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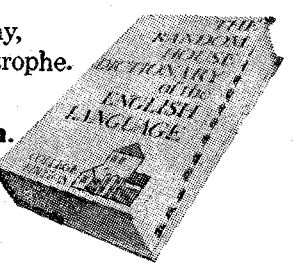

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fields, including Jacquetta Hawkes, J. B. Jackson, Laura Thompson and Edith Cobb. I cannot imagine anyone reading this collection without finding literary pleasure, intellectual stimulation and the solid satisfactions of learning. A most valuable anthology.

Incredible amounts of trash, from Pop science to Pop mysticism, are being offered a reading public that is increasingly alarmed by the environmental deterioration it sees on every hand, whether in cities or in national parks, at home or abroad. Predictably, environmental quality will decline further before the elaborate and necessary long-range measures to deal with population pressures, with environmental pollution, with the major economic forces involved, can become effective, or before the necessary public resolution is mustered to make the enormous expenditures needed to achieve a high-quality environment. No one can really escape some responsibility for such matters and these books, particularly the last, offer a splendid beginning from wherever you are.

Mies and the Closing of the Bauhaus

RICHARD STERN
Mr. Stern has just finished his sixth book of fiction, Veni, Vidi . . . Wendt, *and his first book of poems,* Some Home Truths (Some Abroad).

Building and literature are the political arts, but builders have often had to be more politic than political. How else will they get sites, get materials? And it's *a fortiori* for classical builders, the designers of those "typical" buildings of the age which anonymities reproduce for the quick appetite of business. What were the politics of Callicrates, of Bramante, of Mies van der Rohe?

What are the politics of rocks?
Resistance.

In the farewell salutes to Mies, I read no word of his part in the closing of the Bauhaus. Perhaps the story isn't known. It certainly isn't known as well as it should be. I heard it from the genial—the *genialisch*—old fellow a year ago. Four of us paid him a cocktail-hour visit in the old apartment next to the Pearson Hotel on the near North Side. A thirties apartment, chambered beyond need, wary of outside light. Rather bare within, for there were no rugs and the furniture was against the wall so Mies could wheel around the place. For decoration, marvelous pictures of his buildings, the Barcelona Pavilion, a stage of the great National Gallery not yet open in Berlin. And one of the clearest, most beautiful Picassos I'd ever seen, a Spanish cousin of Klee. Against the walls, Mies chairs and non-Mies sofas, many covered with blueprints and ruled drawings, extraordinary in a glimpse for line, detail and delicacy.

The builder himself, in his wheel chair, was—in seconds—not only presence but personage. A wonderful talker, ebullient, a fountain of ease, his great arched head tilting in the humor of things with memories, comment, hospitality.

The memory I want to recall here is the closing of the Bauhaus. I may have some of the details wrong, but this is substantially what he said of it.

He'd been head of the school for a few months. It had moved from Dessau and one other place to Berlin (or somewhere near Berlin). He said: "One day we came in and found it closed up. I went in to see Rosenberg to complain about it. He said to me, 'It's not me that's shut it. I don't want to close it, I'm an architect myself, have my degree from Riga.' I said, 'If you're an architect, how can you sit at such a desk? If I were you, I'd throw it out the window.' He said, 'It must be the Gestapo who's closed it.' So I went over to the Gestapo. The head of it then was a young fellow, 27 or 28, and I sat outside his office on a narrow bench, day after day, all day long. He kept avoiding me, going out the back door, but one day, he came out to call someone, and I went up to him and asked what it was all about. He said, 'There's So-and-So in your group who keeps shooting off his mouth.' 'That may be,' I said, 'but that is not our business.' 'Well all right,' he said, 'we'll let you open, but let's hope you can control things.' And the next day we came and it was open, and I called everybody together and said, 'They've given us permission to reopen. Now I suggest we close it.' And we did."

It may not be politics, but let's make the most of it. Cheers, Mies, and fare you well.

Unicorn French Poets

DAVID KLEINBARD
Mr. Kleinbard teaches at Queens College and is at work on a novel.

The Unicorn Press of Santa Barbara, Calif., has published a number of the most talented modern French poets in a series of handsomely designed paperbacks. The series reflects the *richesse* and variety of French poetry from Corbière, the 19th-century symbolist of the harbor and the slum, through the psychic revolutions and dream countries of surrealism, to the lucid, controlled visionary realism of three very different poets —Supervielle, Char and Guillevic. Four of the volumes are reviewed below.

MICHAUX. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 70 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

"I come to cut you to bits," Henri Michaux snarls at the world in "Contre!" one of the many violently revolutionary poems in this collection. For Michaux the world is a carcass, its cultures are "frozen," its inhabitants "walking dead." In its place he promises not a return to Paradise or a City of God, but a city built with rags, smoke, diluted fog, whirlpools, shocks and blows, "snake-venom" and "wolf-teeth." Michaux writes to lash the "walking dead" into life, to pummel the soft "mediocrities" he sees around him into a state of painfully awakened awareness. This is "an eternity" of "seeking without finding," and of intolerable emptiness and solitude, when the self and its surroundings seem insubstantial and the "arms of desires" are twisted with endless frustration.

In the afterword to *Mes Propriétés*, Henri Michaux insists that he writes without method or deliberate construction. A mood, a dream, or a narcotic hallucination opens an artery leading up from the unconscious. Sometimes the absence of logical connections is exasperating. But even then, the interplay of rhymes and the irregular, impulsive rhythms may save the poem for the reader. In "L'Avenir," the last poem of the Unicorn edition, Michaux breaks free from the constraints imposed by language itself and brings poetry even closer to music with a marvelous celebration of sounds. Bizarre animals of language, the "mahahahahahas," "matratrimatratrihahas," and "honcucarachoncus" of "L'Avenir," seem perfectly at home in the poetry of Henri Michaux, where all things undergo astonishing metamorphoses, and even God turns into

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a magnificent monster with a thousand infected buttocks sitting in a strangled world.

CORBIERE. *English Versions by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 48 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

In his poetry Tristan Corbière sought to be a young Proteus, clowning, swiftly changing from one grotesque shape to another, escaping comprehension. "Meditations on My Self-Portrait" flaunts his desire to be a whore's pet dog or a goddess with flowing tail and mane on the African coast. Corbière, the "toad" with an "eye of light," the "nightingale of the mud," escaped the insipidity of ordinary life by deforming and degrading himself into the most singular creature in his corner of Brittany. Living among sailors and prostitutes, he dressed as a convict, a woman, or a bishop with two eyes painted on his forehead, wearing a miter and leading a beribboned pig. The last years of his short life (he died at the age of 29 in 1875) created a legendary model for the surrealists and Dadaists.

Corbière adopted the sailors' slang and developed an ironic, conversational style that later influenced T. S. Eliot. In "After Rain," for example, his *argot* reverberates with double meanings, and the rhymes of dissonant words provide a richly varied play of wit in the dialogues between the eager poet and the woman who insists she isn't a whore. Like Baudelaire, Corbière invests vulgar and disgusting objects with the power to awaken awe or fascination. In "Paris by Night" he endows the corpse of a drowned man with a hideous sublimity, as he describes the fountain of life singing its "eternal song on the slimed green head / Of the ancient sea-god, lying naked, dead / On the marble slab: staring, with wide eyes." In the five rondels at the end of the Unicorn edition Corbière addresses a dead child (really himself) with a remarkable mingling of sardonic ferocity and tenderness. He conjures up the horrors of the grave, only to make them beautiful: marsh fires flaring from the child's eye sockets, when the wind-blown grass will be his hair.

SUPERVIELLE. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 54 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

In Jules Supervielle's deeply moving parable of the poet, "Orpheus," the eyes of an enchanted lion thank the father of all poets "for having so exactly expressed what I, who can only roar, have long felt." Many of these poems convert the silent presences and inarticulate noises of nature into a language that bridges the abyss between nonhuman existence and human experience. Supervielle achieves these miracles of verbal transmutation without lapses into whimsicality.

The dead frequently appear in Supervielle's poetry, remembering the time when their senses were alive to the sunlight on the twigs, the sound of a friend's footstep, the feel of a polished pebble; other phantoms rise from the "deep waters" of the self, and the poet struggles to recognize their veiled, swiftly changing faces in his "most secret mirror." In some poems both the poet and his world become a whirlpool of metamorphosing shapes. The horse he rides in a "field of sky" seems a ship, then a desire, the head of a charger with a robe of delirium, a wind that whinnies in expanding. At this altitude of imagination, the poet loses sight of himself. He's not the same man who spoke a moment ago. Not only the self's identity but the universe itself may change beyond recognition and the future appear as a "blind space turning" where the earth once was.

GUILLEVIC. *Translated by Teo Savory. Unicorn Press. 56 pp. $4. Paper $1.50.*

Guillevic was born at Carnac, the Stonehenge of Brittany, where giant megaliths brood in a field, incomprehensible messages from Druid prehistory. Here Guillevic may first have felt the desire to discover what objects can reveal about the men who have lived among them, or, as the French critic Gaëton Picon put it, to wrest "from things what they know of man." In the poem "Ant" a tiny victim of boiling water suggests that man's penchant for killing is linked with his fear of whatever lives beyond his narrow circle of fellow feeling and understanding. Another poem recalls the "incomprehensible body-heat" which once trembled miraculously in "Flayed Beef," where "there is still / a little light in the depths of its eye." The poet's tenderness for the flayed beef may repel some readers, but it cannot fail to shock them into feeling and awareness. "You could still caress its flank, / You could still put your head there / and lull your fear."

Guillevic's work reflects a struggle to maintain the greatest possible concision and lucidity. Often his poems concentrate his extraordinary perceptions of ordinary objects into a few starkly simple lines. A chair made of old wood, resting, forgetting its tree and its rancor, powerless. It wants nothing more, owes nothing more. "It contains its own whirlwind." Implicitly the poem evokes an old person's existence; and it comments upon people who live in a world of objects without noticing them or who make

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TO MY MOTHER

Lay me down again in porcelain,
mother,
your ceiling was my first sky.
Old woman, your fingers were curtains for my belly,
your breasts' white windows took my breath away.
In new spoons I saw our flesh stretch and blend,
my lip was a red balloon,
your leg had a brown eye;
we made each other monsters behind green bottles.
I saw stars wash your back,
watched television on your yellow night skin,
our bed steamed from the gulf-
stream of your thigh,
jetstream of your soul,
your eggs threw dice and won me brothers,
we grew into three birdhunters . . .
And I left home the night you burned
our game meat and your graying hair
and you no longer turned me on . . .
Yet today, in these photographs before my time,
your name is not the same as mine.
At first I do not recognize your young, sunlit body
and I say,
as a suitor long strayed from your beauty:
Oh, who were you, and
where was it we once slept together?
Did you have a son by someone stronger?
When again will one like you
hold my minute hands?

JAMES BRUNOT

SNOW IN THE POEM

It is snowing there is no moon
standing yet not standing
dancing yet not
dancing touching yet
not touching snow in the poem
like us leans away from the center.

This element outlining shadow
locates me drifted against you
where melting yet not actually
melted crystalline stars touch
us brighter than shadow.

Trees grow white to the wind
while dancing up through the dark
we are not trees nor do we
begin to be their shapes
as kisses have no shape
but trace on lifting branches

a pure curve that trembles
delicate as wavering birds
as we warm and begin to tremble.

FRANCES MCCONNEL

THE ORCHARD
(To Martin Luther King)

"The land is within."—Louis Simpson

The air has been planted that we breathe.
These branches start from the sky
and grow downward. They gather in a trunk
to blossom beneath the hot ground.

Where their fruit begins the long fall
toward our faces. Passing through stone
like morning coming down,
their seed is falling toward the sun.

Our hands are lifting ladders at the east—
the air has been planted that we should kneel.

EUGENE RUGGLES

MORNING FOG
(For Dixie and Theo Caldwell)

Morning after morning, fog
hugs the car;

half a block away
in every direction

I see an ocean;
it even smells like ocean.

If I drive straight ahead
it will engulf me:

a kind blur. Like
that morning last July

when we awoke,
the cheeks of our tent

sucked in against us.
We nested safe

in that hollow, swaddled
by a grey cave.

The harsh surf scraping
at the beach was

a reality we didn't have to bear.
Later, the sun burnt

off the fog, and
the washed trees rose

sentient as beasts.
The sun, unwrapping

the beach revealed
stones luminous as eyes:

we trod with care.
By sundown, the last

cloud clarified by fire,
we slept like the trees,

unhoused,
breathing mildly.

BETH BENTLEY

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such objects without feeling for them and for the trees from which they come. The extreme simplicity and repetitiousness of the original give it an incantatory tone, as if it were a religious litany. For Guillevic, as for Rilke, who influenced him, the penetration "into the confidence of things" is a sacred act, a religious experience, as well as an act of completely devoted love. But no fuzzy mysticism or elusively subjective fantasy bars the reader who wishes to follow Guillevic into this region of awareness. Like the singing carpenter to whom he compares himself he has planed and sanded away all the superfluous words and images from these gnomic revelations.

Teo Savory's translations reflect a sensitivity to the rhythms, tones and textures of the French originals. In the Supervielle, and her "versions" of Corbière she sometimes substitutes her own ideas and images for the poets'. Occasionally the results are awkward or obscure; but more often Miss Savory's inventiveness effectively re-creates the spirit of the original.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I have often in the past referred to the inadequacy for theatre criticism of the brief time allotted the daily reviewer. I have lately become aware that even the few days vouchsafed the weekly reviewer are not enough for truly considered discussion.

It occurred to me long after the performance that I would probably have been more impressed with Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The House of Atreus* if I had seen it on the open stage in the Minneapolis theatre for which it had been originally designed rather than on the proscenium stage on which it was given in New York. Not only would the settings and costumes—aimed for sculptural effect—prove more expressive on the open stage but the actors' movements would have had more weight, amplitude and heroic dimension. In the theatres we ordinarily frequent, we lose sight of the architectural framework of a production as part of the total impact of the plays we see in them.

The same is true, in another way, of Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet*. In London it was presented in a factory, where the rough plainness of the environment, with its "proletarian" vibrations, must have made that crude and unkempt interpretation seem natural.

These thoughts recurred to me as I was directing *Uncle Vanya* this summer in Los Angeles. I began with a production idea the first item of which was that the play was not to be given a mournful tone, that it was to be physically active. Directing it on a thrust stage necessitated even more movement than I had anticipated.

I am not a partisan of the theatre in the round, the arena stage or any one of the other new scenic arrangements which are calculated to "free" the theatre. These sometimes prove advantageous, especially for the Greeks, Shakespeare, Molière's "low" comedies, and generally in plays which demand exuberance or plasticity of movement. For the Restoration pieces, for Wilde, Ibsen, Chekhov and the like the proscenium stage is more useful.

It became clear to me when I began work at the Mark Taper Forum (the 700-seat house which is part of the Center Theatre Group) that if the actors were not to move most of the time in all directions they would not be comfortably seen or even be sufficiently audible (particularly on the extreme left and right) for the audience to enjoy the performance.

Chekhov's characters are sedentary. In the first act of *Uncle Vanya*, for example, they are sitting on an open terrace on a hot summer day, drinking tea. But apart from my initial scheme—to make the characters more active than customary—I was now compelled to activate them sharply because of the relation of the playing area to the seating arrangement of the house. As a consequence, there was far more movement in the first act (indeed, throughout) than, let us say, in the Moscow Art productions of Chekhov.

This created a certain "Americanization" of the play. Yet for all its heightened energy, it remained Chekhovian in its brooding inwardness, as well as in its humor. This was not because I dwelled on "psychology" or "mood": I rather avoided such emphasis. Yet a number of people spoke of the pace as slow or too "Russian"!

There are several reasons for this reaction: one is simply the nervousness or lack of repose in our theatre audience; living as it does in an atmosphere of haste, confusion and general din, it is unused to compose itself to quiet observation. When the pace of a play becomes that of normal breathing or civilized behavior, we hear complaints of slowness. (Any director can make actors speak and move rapidly. Some years ago there was one New York reviewer who judged all direction by its "speed.") But there is something at the very heart of Chekhov's world (apart from its locale in sleepy country towns) which makes his plays seem "slow" no matter how crisply they are acted.

Chekhov's characters are passionate people constricted by conditions which afford little practical scope for their ideals. Hence we speak of their frustration. The quiet in which these people live is to a certain extent imposed upon them. They therefore fuss, fritter about, talk too much and succumb to sudden gusts of excitement. Gentle Vanya, for example, attempts to shoot his brother-in-law.

Chekhov's personages are usually people of delicate sensibility, dreamers. They *aspire*. In this respect they have a fuller inner life than many of us today who, spiritually undernourished, live in a world of furious displacement. The apathy of Chekhov's people is not in their souls; their pain sings. They are full of the juices of desire and rich human experience. They are aware of their existence—which is one way of being very much alive.

The texts of Chekhov's plays call for numerous pauses. But this does not mean that in these pauses nothing is going on. Living is going on. The notations of pauses in the text indicate an absence of overt behavior—the action is silent, but that does not signify that there is none. Apparent *non sequiturs*, tiny indications remind us of this. In *Vanya* one hears Astrov say, "It's quiet here. Just pens scratching, crickets chirping, it's warm and cozy. . . . I don't want to leave." In the second act the Professor, still awake after midnight, repeatedly asks, "What time is it now?"; time seems suspended.

The inanition of the sultry afternoon

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in Act I is highlighted by the poor landlord (Telyegin) playing the guitar while the old nurse on the estate scurries about the yard calling, "Here, chick, chick, chick": passive and innocent Telyegin thinks, "the weather is enchanting," while for Vanya, convinced that he has been cheated of life, it is "lovely weather to hang oneself." Chekhov's "slowness" is part of his meaning. The ruckus of the attempted killing in the third act is more than an acceleration of tempo; it is the outburst of a slowly brewing resentment and an almost farcical prelude to the ultimate resignation of the final act in which the antagonists forgive one another and everything goes on as before.

The endless dreariness of Vanya's life (it is perhaps stoically heroic) is accented by Astrov's seemingly pointless remarks about the lameness of his horse and his observation on looking at an inexplicable map, "It must be so hot now in Africa. . . ." And all this interspersed with the quasi-musical repetition which accompanies the various departures that leave Vanya isolated: "They've gone. . . . They've gone . . . he's gone . . . he's gone."

To my astonishment and satisfaction the thrust stage, I repeat, besides compelling even more movement than I had planned, also served to clarify the sense of each action. It did not alter the nature of Chekhov's truth nor impair the perfection of his craft which make *Uncle Vanya*, like Chekhov's other major plays, a poetic as well as a dramatic masterpiece.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

For me, the central figure in *Alice's Restaurant* is not Arlo Guthrie, who plays the lead, but James Broderick, who plays Alice's husband. By and large, Guthrie is acting himself; Broderick is acting an aspect of a good many of us.

He is a man no longer quite young who finds that in this era youth has a corner on life. Like so many today—I doubt that there is a historical parallel for the impulse—he wants to be part of that scene. The reasons are obvious: the adult world has rarely offered so few satisfactions, rarely presented miseries so intractable; the efficacy of intelligent choice seems, at least for the time being, to be gone. At the same time, youth has developed a style that is often witty and that seems to offer compassion and fulfillment. It is also terribly vulnerable, since it believes in taking chances and lacks the history on which to base the odds. That's where people like Broderick's Ray Brock see their opportunity: they will contribute the wisdom of experience to the commune.

As a rule, it doesn't work out—not from failure of sympathy or because of flagging energies but because the generations run on different time tracks. The peculiar quality of the young today—those, that is, who make up what might be called the movement—is that they are willing to travel light and uncommitted. Relationships have depth, but not much length, and when the vibrations falter, there is always another scene down the road (these young, incredibly, seem never to run out of travel money). But once you have passed 30, you can no longer afford that kind of freedom. Eventually, something has to work out, because you have no time to be repeatedly starting from scratch. Ray Brock, for example, wants his marriage with Alice (Pat Quinn, very beautiful and with emotions of mercury) to work; I think the boys and girls around him see that as quaint. And at the end of the film, he is talking about land in Vermont, where they can all settle down, raise their crops and grow in love for one another. The kids have perhaps never heard of Brook Farm; in any case, theirs is a kaleidoscope utopia. They understand love, but cohesion escapes them. That is the tragedy of Ray Brock.

The picture that Arthur Penn has directed, using Arlo Guthrie's autobiographical song—*The Alice's Restaurant Massacree*—as a spine, is a triumph of unstressed understanding told in a style of relaxed professionalism (the camera work is technically superb, but does not take on that commercial gloss that was so assertive in, for example, *Pretty Poison*, made on location in the same Berkshire neighborhood). It looks like a psychedelic carnival, but it works deep into the assumptions of the time. Alice and Ray have bought a deconsecrated church in Stockbridge (the restaurant, downtown, is presumably set up to pay for the venture) and run open house and haven for vagrant hippies. The gypsies flock in. The place is, in their language, beautiful; the Brocks are good people—they offer understanding and peace.

Comes the great bust, when Arlo and a friend are arrested for littering by Stockbridge Police Chief William Obanhein (played by himself in a tone of baffled outrage tempered by curiosity), followed by Arlo's Whitehall Street army physical (he doesn't get past the "shrink"—or, more accurately, he does get past the "shrink"), the death of Woody Guthrie in Bellevue, the death also of a young addict whose return to the drug produces from Brock a shocking outburst of rage induced by disappointment. It begins the breakup of the colony.

That script is hardly a plot; indeed plot is not the preoccupation of *Alice's Restaurant*. It is concerned with a panorama of relationships that are more juxtaposed than integrated: with what people expect of one another, what they are willing to give, what they will not accept, under what circumstances they recognize responsibility and when they get in their cars and travel. Those, it might be said, are the ingredients of all plots, but here no "line" emerges because the parts are too discrete. Instead, the film offers a mosaic of great sensitivity and acumen. Aside from the entertainment joys of the picture—the wild humor, the music, the young, engaging and often very handsome cast—*Alice's Restaurant* provides a primer on youth surviving the decade of Vietnam. It should be noted, however, that Arlo Guthrie has more talent and a better mind than the general average of his generation. He can better afford, perhaps, to run free.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 266)*

those observations in either Michael Coe's *Mexico and the Maya* or *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, if he read them at all. Or maybe he never even made the trip to Mexico.

Sydney H. Brisker, Architect, A.I.A.

Cambridge, England

DEAR SIRS: If Mr. Brisker thinks that Camino Real is "pure Legoretta" and not the most breath-taking example so far of Luis Barragán's influence, as well as his actual participation, then he is either as insensitive as he accuses me of being, or else he hasn't actually been to see the building, nor to talk with the people who were the clients. *Mexico* and *The Maya* are two books, not one, so I guess Brisker is fooling about his knowing them too. There is no evidence presented elsewhere in the letter which justifies Brisker's virtually actionable malice, leaving me to suspect that his own judgments about Mexico are as vacuous as his phrases.

Nathan Silver

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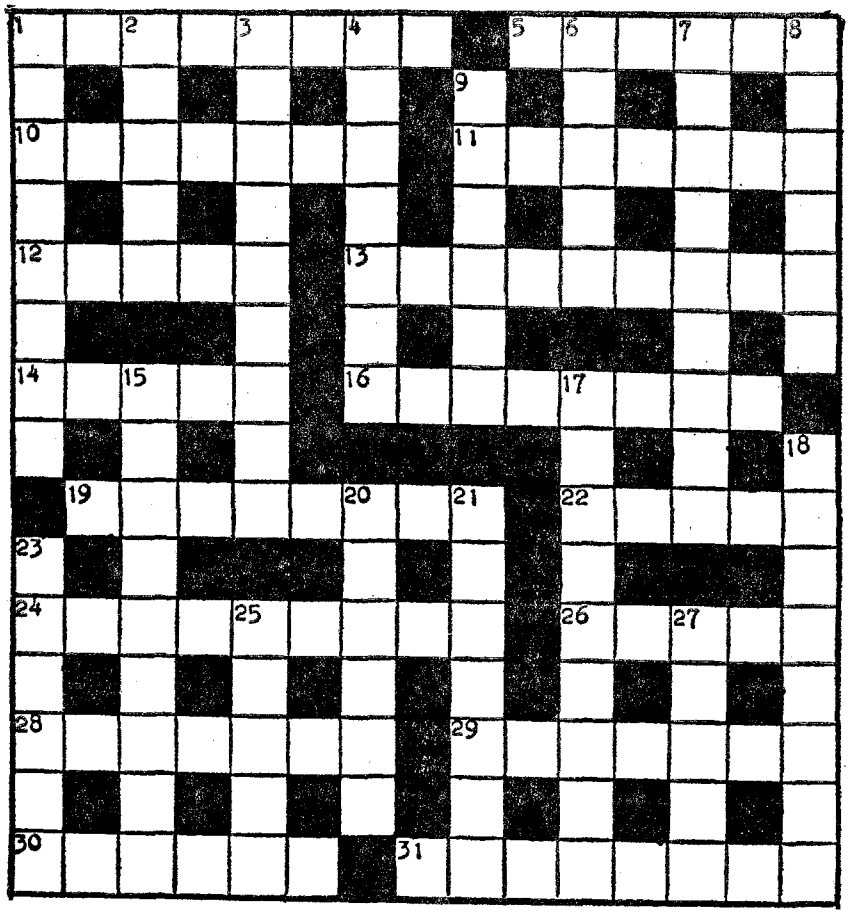
Crossword Puzzle No. 1313

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A thing once stuck in a pie to eat afterwards, indicating approval. (6,2)
5 See 2 down
10 You'd naturally expect to find them over a buck, which isn't bad for wall hangings. (7)
11 Far from a sure pleaser—more of a letdown! (7)
12 Rather loose description of one of those products of mine that got quite broken up. (5)
13 Sometimes set up by will-power. (9)
14 and 29 When tied up, game might easily go into them. (5,7)
16 The rough make-up of part of Iberia might go well on the stage. (8)
19 Not all at first is an irregular type. (8)
22 So-called expensive brew? (5)
24 What the Ladies' Garment Worker used to do might be expedient. (9)
26 and 28 Part of the press of business, perhaps. (5,7)
29 See 14 across
30 Growing more quickly, to a certain extent? (6)
31 Tundra? It should be this plain. (8)

DOWN

1 Make over. (8)
2 and 5 across Overseas color? (11)
3 Some basketball teams certainly do eat early! (9)
4 Hair-dos or crumbs might be. (7)
6 Take into account. (5)
7 It's a bad time to be about an improper caper—curse one! (9)
8 Puts into vigorous action. (6)
9 Beginning of a grave conclusion, as they say. (6)
15 Running gear to follow diamonds, perhaps. (5,4)
17 Over wrought? Or just wrought, for example? (4,5)
18 A very quiet suggestion soothes one, and altogether satisfies. (8)
20 Runs out of lighting material? (6)
21 Comparatively crazy description of some taste. (7)
23 Marked by three accidental signs with gold leaf, alternatively? (1,5)
25 If 21, one might have less, or something might appeal to one more. (5)
27 Was she up in arms on Broadway? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1312

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